OFFICE 171 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 7.

Things Theatrical.

Part I. of the tragedy of Henry IV. was produced at the Park Thea re on Saturday last to a very full house. The *Falstaff* of the night was HACKETT, and Sir John could hardly have fallen into better hands. A few of the minor characters were ill supported, but as a whole this fine tragedy which is something too much shelved, was exceedingly well performed. Hackett's Falstaff was considered his best part in England and with the exception of his Mons. Mordieu, Mons. Mallet and his Rip Van Winkle, it is so ranked here, or should be. Many of his readings were original, evincing a thorough conception of Shakspeare's ideal creation, combined with great good taste in their delivery. Altogether the tragedy was a great treat and we trust Hackett will select it for his farewell benefit next week.

The WOODS and BROUGH are still playing *La Sonnambula* to overflowing houses. Their Concert on Wednesday evening at the Chatham St. Chapel, (formerly the Chatham Theatre) was crammed. At the Park the lower boxes are already taken for every night of their engagement.

Miss MODENA'S "*Rienzi*" is underlined at the *Bowery*, and is to be produced forthwith. The Jewess and Norman Leslie continue to attract. HAMBLIN must have netted $35,000 this season.

DINNEFORD is at work on a new drama that will make a great noise. It is a second part of the Golden Farmer, and the scenes are laid in *la belle France*.—Only imagine Jemmy Twitcher among the Johnny Crapeaux!

THE WOODS are said to have realized $1400 by their concert on Wednesday. Perhaps $1000 would be nearer the mark.

On Thursday evening Mrs. WOOD took a benefit at the Park, which was the fullest house for many months. We had a spice of variety in *Fra Diavolo*, an old favorite, but not comparable with the beautiful *La Sonnambula*, which now resumes its place.

By the way, Mr. Brough played *Beppo very* well on Thursday. He gains popularity each night.

Mr. BROUGH'S benefit at the Park will take place on Thursday next.

Mrs. PRITCHARD left town to-day for Philadelphia, and after playing an engagement there proceeds on a professional tour to the west.

BARRYMORE has opened a Diorama of London, in Boston. WALLACK is at the Tremont, BOOTH and HACKETT having both forfeited their engagements with Barry. Mrs. HAMBLIN is at the Lion Theatre.

J. R. SCOTT, T. PLACIDE and HACKETT, are at the Walnut St. Theatre, Philadelphia. CELESTE is at the Arch St house. BURTON'S benefit was a complete jam. Miss EMMA WHEATLY appeared on the occasion as the heroine of Mr. J. N. Barker's new comedy of "The Court of Love." Burton is styled "the Philadelphia *pet*;" he certainly merits their best wishes.

BALLS and REEVE are at Washington.

Miss CHARLOTTE BARNES, a charming young lady of sweet sixteen, produced for her benefit at Charleston, two new pieces written by herself. The first was a historical tragedy comprising events in the life of Richard I., Cœur de Lion, called "The Jewess," and the other, "The Last Days of Pompeii."

HILL, the "tarnal Yankee" is at Natchez; RICE, (Jim Crow,) ditto. POTTER has opened the Cincinnati Theatre for Russell; FORDES is with him.

Miss PHILLIPS has utterly failed at New Orleans, after making a great sensation. The Italian Opera flourishes, but must soon draw like a blister on a milestone.

The thrifty and enterprising citizens of Bangor, all the way down in Maine, having got a Mayor, three watchmen and two daily papers, are determined to have a theatre also, just as any body would, and to that end land has been purchased and arrangements are in progress to complete and open a handsome Temple of the Drama early in July.

RUSSELL has recently given a benefit at New-Orleans to the orphan children of his former partner, the late JAMES S. ROWE, Esq. Almost every week this season Russell seems to have given a benefit to some charitable purpose: one to an Orphan Asylum, another to Texas, another to the Florida Volunteers, etc., etc.

They have got up *The Jewess* in Boston at the Lion Theatre, and Mr. BARRY, we believe, has it in preparation for the Tremont. The Daily Advertiser pronounces the piece at the Lion "a gross humbug," while the Daily Centinel says it is "a magnificent drama—the incidents striking, the dialogue forcible and effective," etc. There is no disputing about taste.

THE DRAMA.—The report lately copied from the *New-York Spirit of the Times*, that the Canadian Theatres have been leased by Mr. Ward, turns out, notwithstanding the generally correct intelligence of that paper in such matters, to be incorrect. Mr. Logan, who was here last year, we are informed by the agent for the proprietor, has again engaged the Theatre for the summer—that is, from the 1st of June to the end of August—and has also taken the Montreal Theatre for the month of May. We have not heard what sort of a stock company the Manager brings with him, or what *Stars* are likely to visit him; but of this we must warn him, that unless he has a company above mediocrity, he need not expect support. [Quebec Mercury.

Is our friend of the *Mercury* quite sure we are in error? Our intelligence was derived from a source that makes us doubt even now that Mr. LOGAN is the lessee of the Quebec theatre. *Nous verrons.*

Among the novelties brought out at the theatres in London for the season of Lent, we notice the following:—

Groups of Shaksperian characters, by Elton; *A Handsome Husband*, by Mrs. Planche; a farce called the *Balm of Comfort*; Joanna Baillie's tragedy of *The Separation*; the *Old and Young Stagers*; *Tam O'Shanter*; the *Barbers at Court*; the *Christening*; the *Rejected Addresses*; the *Delusion*; *Widow Wiggins, or Music Mad*; *Whims and Waggeries*; and *Fairy Dreams*.

On the estates of Northumberland Beaumont, a good deal of lead, it is said, has been discovered, which will place the proprietor at the head of the mining interest in his particular district. There needed no discovery of *lead*, we suspect, to give *weight* to the *head* of the honourable member.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The match between *Rattler* and *Driver* was trotted under the saddle, and not in harness. Rattler died the following day.

Betting on the height of a person, he measures with his shoes on unless it is stipulated "in his stocking feet."

An Enquirer from Kingston, U. C., ALFRED A * * * *, at present residing with the British Consul, N. York, is grandson to Mrs. Jordan, therefore a relative of the family of William IV.

After the Doncaster Meeting, 1835, the Queen of Trumps being the winner of the St. Leger, A. bets B. that the Queen of Trumps wins the next race she starts for. Who wins?—Neither, as she has not since run—a walk over not being deemed a bet in a race of this kind.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCIES.—Single copies of THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, may be had on Saturday, the day of publication, at Mr. MCMAKIN'S *News Rooms*, No. 213, North-Third-street, and also of Mr. EDWARDS, at the *American Coffee House*, Chesnut-street, by whom subscriptions will be received.

Summary.

NOT AT ALL PATHETIC.—The young ladies and gentlemen who sobbed so at Mrs. Wood's leaving, while she in turn appeared to be completely heart-broken while pronouncing that "painful word, FAREWELL," will be astonished to learn, as it is stated in the Albion, that on her first appearance in New York "she was in splendid spirits." Boston Morning Post.

A gentleman of Maine on a "Moose Hunt," came near losing his life the other day, by the explosion of a "cast iron" musket, which he had purchased probably from some vender of wooden nutmegs, who, the Bangor Whig says, deserves to be "kicked to death by spiders" for this sordid act of knavery at the expense of every consideration of humanity.

MONTREAL, MARCH 18.—On Wednesday last, an extraordinary feat in expeditious travelling was performed by Mr. T. B. English, of this city. On the morning of that day, he left Cornwall, accompanied by his daughter and a gentleman, at half past eight in the morning, breakfasted at Lancaster, dined at Cotean-du-Lac, refreshed his horse at the intermediate stages, and arrived in this city at half past six, thus accomplishing a distance of *ninety* miles, in ten hours. The horse is well known as the celebrated *Rob Roy*.

No matter what the subject, a Philadelphian must turn a pun u-pun it. Thus from the Philadelphia Evening Star:—"The journeymen book-binders still hold out under *cover* of the Trades' Union—the employers not conceiving themselves *bound* to accede to their demands."

——Steam! steam!
Disguise it as thou wilt—still, steam, thou art
A hot draught!—*Tune the Old Cow Died on.*

A steam quack doctor at New Bedford lately undertook to cure a cow of some fell disease she had contracted, by some of the potent remedies of that beautiful system of medicine. Unfortunately, by some accident, the barn was burned down, and with it fifteen tons of precious hay. The cow evaporated, but the practitioner was saved. Were it not for violating some of the principles of humanity, we should have hoped the latter event were not true; but as it is, we are—yes, we are "tolerably" glad he was not consumed with the rest of the property. [N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

"Is this raal hoggany?" said a green horn, who was astonished at the lustre of an elegant mahogany table in a gentleman's parlor, at the same time taking out his jack-knife, and shaving off a large slice of the edge—"Wall, I swow, 'tis, aint it?"

A SWEATER!—The New Orleans True American, of 10th February states, that the jury in the case of "Parry and others *vs.* the Planters' Bank," had "been sworn and empanelled for *five weeks*," but after all could not agree on a verdict! We do not wonder that sheriffs "down south" are sometimes obliged, as is reported, to run down their jurymen with dogs, and when caught tie them with hickory bark.

AMERICAN POETRY.—The "Deserted Bride," a metrical effusion from the pen of Col. Morris, recently published in the Knickerbocker Magazine, is extensively copied and highly extolled in the English newspapers and periodicals. "Sheridan Knowles, on reading it for the first time, declared it to be imbued with all the spirit, passion and tenderness of Julia in the Hunchback, as rendered by Miss Kemble." It is indeed a beautiful composition, and does credit to our cotemporary of the Mirror. [Evening Star.

A female enlisted for a soldier, the other day, in a regiment that was stationed at Limerick; when, however, she was ordered out to be drilled, she refused to "present arms," and in fact, to the surprise of all present, would not go through any part of the exercise. Upon an inquiry being made, she acknowledged her sex, and that she had merely enlisted for a lark.

AN ARISTOCRATIC EPICURE.—An anecdote of the late Duke of Newcastle says, that "he kept the most princely table, and is known repeatedly to have had thirty legs of mutton cut up in one day, merely to take out the *Pope's eyes*, to form *one* dish for dinner." Thirty *Pope's eyes!* what an inexorable enemy to the papal *see!*

NO GO.—An amusing case was yesterday afternoon brought before the Commissioners of the Alms House and Justice Lownds. Catharine Madden, a hearty, buxom looking woman, appeared and preferred a terrible complaint against one John O'Hara, a fine, lusty, handsome son of Erin. She accused him of having taken an undue advantage of her violent love for him, by which she was put under the necessity of compelling him to pay an annual tribute for the support of the "consequences." She told her story very well, until a *lapsus linguæ*, disclosed the fact that she had a husband, but had not seen him since *last summer*. The Justice, on hearing this last fact, which was fully corroborated, dismissed the complaint at once, and John, with a graceful bow, and a hearty "Thank your honor," departed; while poor Catherine was fain to apply to some other quarter, for that assistance which John had denied. [N. Y. Morn. Herald.

ADVANTAGE OF A MUSICAL EAR.—A curious incident, illustrative of the delicate perception of a fine musical ear, lately occurred at Manchester. An officer of the 80th foot, listening to a band of music which was passing at some distance in one of the streets, immediately recognized the well known tones of a serpent, as played by a man who had deserted from his depot. On pursuing the band, he discovered it to be the person suspected, and had him lodged in jail. If the officer had had the soul as well as the ear of music in him, we think he would have been of too generous a temper not to have been more pleased with the performance of the accomplished artist than incensed at the direliction of his duty. [Evening Star.

We find in the Salem (Mass) Gazette, the following very amusing anecdote: "On Saturday last, as the owners of a load of pork were unloading their frieght in the market, it was discovered that a skunk had taken up his quarters in the disembowelled carcass of a "porcine quadruped." Quite a crowd was, of course, soon collected, and the unsavory animal was pelted to death with stones. Notwithstanding the hard fate of the skunk, it was thought by some who passed by some time afterwards, that the stones had the worst of it."

A shocking occurrence lately took place in the menagerie of wild animals, which left this place for the parish of St. Helena. A black boy about 10 or 12 years of age being desired to get a saddle, unsuspicious of danger climbed the lion's cage to procure it. The infuriated animal seized the unfortunate boy and in an instant so lacerated him that he shortly afterwards expired. Baton Rogue Gazette.

DEATH OF THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON.—Madame Marie Laetitia Bonaparte died at Rome at one o'clock on the morning of the 2d of this month. She was born on the 24th of August, 1750, at Ajaccio, of the Romilini family, and had lived at Rome ever since 1814. From the time of her fall at the Villa Borghese, she had lost the use of her limbs, and half reclined night and day upon her couch. Her eye-sight had failed for several years past; she took very little share in the passing events of the world, and admitted to her society only a small number of intimate friends. A lady constantly watched by her side, and M. Robaglio, her secretary, once an officer in the old Guard, used to read the journals to the august invalid, to speak to her of France, and to make her live again in times gone by. Her appearance gave a painful impression to the few visitors who were admitted to her palace.

ENORMOUS.—The banking capital allowed to banks already chartered in Louisiana, amounts to *seventy-three millions of dollars!* All the banks incorporated are permitted to trade on double their capital; so that the banking speculations of Louisiana involve an amount of *one hundred and forty-six millions of dollars!!* [Boston Morning Post.

Here is a slap from an English paper, that is enough to make Spurzheim's tomb quake—*ex. gr.*

PHRENOLOGY.—The stupidity of this science has been practically demonstrated in an examination of the lumps, thumps, and bumps of the head of Lacenaire and Fieschi, whose cold-blooded cruelty and want of feeling under the most frightful circumstances, has astonished and disgusted all France. This monster in human form is "phrenologically" endowed with all the qualities of a good, kind, mild, sensible, and religious man, holding injustice and robbery in horror. [Ibid.

The Albanians are pretty considerably "struck up" about their Tunnel. The Daily Advertiser says:—"Our friends, the Trojans, having secured themselves a bridge, have graciously permitted us to build a tunnel. They have *gone over* the river and they allow us to go *under* it. We CAN 'dive deeper and come out drier' than they have any idea of."

A SCENE IN THE WEST.—The Louisville Journal of a late date says:—"John B. Smith, who shot Woodbury Massey, some months ago, at Dubuque, and who escaped legal punishment for want of jurisdiction in the Courts of the United States, was shot down and killed, in the streets of Galena, on the 13th ult, by Henry L. Massey, a highly respectable brother of the deceased. An eye witness of the occurrence informs us that Smith was shot with a pistol at the distance of fifty yards. Massey has since left the country."

Prince Charles, brother to the King of Naples, recently eloped from the Neapolitan capital with a Miss Penelope Smith, whose family it is said belongs to the city of Cork. The lady's sister is said to be affianced to Prince Cimitelli.

Four giraffes have been purchased by the Zoological Society, and are on their way from Malta to England.

RAPID TRAVELLING.—A train of six carriages was lately conveyed on the Greenwich Railroad in England, sixty miles in one hour—or at the rate of a mile a minute.

The people of Salem, (Mass.) having accepted of a city charter, are looking about for a Mayor. Mr. MERRIL was named, but in looking closely into his qualifications, as the people have a right to do when a candidate is offered, two awful disclosures were made. He, Mr. Merrill, though a rich man, does not own a house, and though a wise man, has no wife. The first he must trust to Providence for, but how he became chargeable with the latter deficiency in such a place where the ladies are proverbial for beauty and every other accomplishment, we can not tell. We are getting old, and do not see through these matters as we did once. U. S. Gazette.

A letter from an officer attached to our West India squadron, says—"The officers of the Constellation are a genuine set of fellows; two of them however, are in a ticklish predicament. The morning on which we arrived at Santa Cruz, Midshipmen May and Baldwin fought a duel. Baldwin's pistol did not go off—May's did, and wounded B. in the side, some say mortally."

The Prince of Capua, *has* married Miss Smith, of Cork. The Queen mother was in favor of the match, but the King of Naples [illegible] The happy pair spent the honeymoon at Sienna, in Tuscany—that is, unless they have sailed for England or America, as reported.

The *Chronicle* gives an account of an old woman ninety-five years of age, who had been married four times, and was again married the other day, "making," in the language of the *Chronicle*, "her fifth course of experimental philosophy." We, however, think there was more of the "practical" than "experimental" philosophy in the affair.

EXECUTION OF FIESCHI AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

On Monday evening, Feb. 29th, as was expected the Court of Peers condemned Fieschi, Morey and Pepin to death, Boireau to twenty years' imprisonment with hard labor, but acquited the remaining prisoner, Bescher, who during the same night was discharged. The effect of the sentence upon the prisoners was various. Fieschi appears to have been thunderstruck at first, became frantic but afterwards recovered his self possession, and was described even as cheerful.—Morey, the old man, received the communication of his doom with resignation; but all the feebleness of Pepin's character was made manifest when it came to his turn to learn his lot.

On Friday morning at ten minutes past eight o'clock the awful sentence of the law was carried into effect upon Fieschi and his accomplices.

Pepin was the first to descend from his vehicle. He mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and exhibited in his entire deportment a degree of calmness and resignation that formed a strong contrast with the weakness and irresolution displayed by him during his trial. On reaching the fatal platform, he bowed to the assembled multitude, resigned himself into the hands of the executioner, and in another moment ceased to exist.

The appearance of the next prisoner (Morey) who ascended the scaffold excited an intensely painful feeling among the populace. In consequence of his extreme debility, he was actually lifted on the scaffold by the executioner and his assistants by whom he was strapped to the fatal board. The knife then descended, and almost before the countless and breathless multitude could perceive the signal given for its fall, the wretched criminal was a headless corpse.

Fieschi, though he saw the axe raised, colored with the blood of his accomplices, never showed the slightest emotion of fear or horror, but continued to converse with those around him till the assistant executioner laid his hand upon his shoulder as indicating that the fatal moment had arrived. He mounted the steps with extraordinary rapidity, and placing himself in the attitude of an orator, pronounced the following words with a clear and firm voice: "I am about to appear before my God. I have told the truth. I die content. I have rendered a service to my country by pointing out my accomplices. I have told the truth and no falsehoods, as I call upon Heaven to witness. I am happy and satisfied. I demand pardon of God and man; but, above all, of God. I regret my victims more than my own life." Upon this he turned quickly round and delivered himself into the hands of his executioners.

The entire of the fatal ceremony occupied but the brief space of five minutes, it being exactly that time after eight o'clock when the reeking axe fell upon the last of the criminals.

NIMROD'S NORTHERN TOUR.

——"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."—VIRGIL.

"When Time, who steals our hours away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew."—MOORE.

On Saturday, the 22d of November, I took my leave of Dunse—most unwillingly, I admit; but it being necessary to change the scene, and progress in my Tour, I found myself about mid-day comfortably seated in a very easy gig, hired for the purpose of conveying me to Kelso, distant about seventeen miles, and from whence the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds were to be reached four times in the course of the following week, and Major St. Paul's once. A ludicrous scene occurred at starting. Unconscious of the splendid manner in which I was to be mounted during my visit to Kelso, I made inquiry from the landlord of the Black Bull at Dunse, as to whether there was such a thing as a hunter to be hired in Kelso, in case I should not be able to take the field at all on the Edinburgh horses, one of which was already lame. "Oh yes," replied the landlord; "there is a Mr. Dickinson, a Yorkshireman, I believe, who has the best stables in Kelso, where the gentlemen's hunters all stand: he is a very good man, and will be sure to find you a horse." "Just the person I want," continued I; "*and a Yorkshireman, too!* Now, have the kindness to sit down and write a note to introduce me to him—that is, just tell him I am a bit of a sportsman, and that you think I may be trusted with a horse." The request was instantly complied with. Boniface took pen in hand on the spot; and I am sure, reader, you will smile when you peruse his laconic epistle, about as much to the purpose, you will say, as if he had been recommending me to a dancing-master. To a master of hounds, at all events, it would have been a more appropriate passport.

"DUNSE, Nov. 22d, 1834.

DEAR SIR—Mr. A—— has been stopping three weeks at my house. *You will find him a very pleasing gentleman.* Yours, truly,

To Mr. Dickinson, Kelso."

Now, what Mr. Dickinson found me I am unable to say, but I found him one of the civilest creatures ever lapped in a human skin; and my horses were excellently accommodated in his stables, at one guinea each per week: but of his hunters—had he possessed any—I stood not in need, as the sequel of this story will show.

I am quite sure I never sat beside a coachman in my life without entering into conversation with him, neither did I see any reason why I should travel in silence with the post-boy who drove me this day to Kelso—an oldish "*boy*," by the way—for I have found, on my journey through life, that golden opinions are to be gathered from all classes of human beings—old women in particular. This knight of the whip, however, was more than usually communicative—pointing out to me, unasked, many interesting points of the country through which we passed, and amongst others, several that we had traversed in our celebrated fifty-five minutes with the Duke's hounds; as also the house of Rowchester, at the door of which that fine run was concluded. "There is Thomson's monument," said he, soon after we entered Roxburghshire, and were only a few miles from Kelso: "I *suppose*, sir, you ken who he was?" I nodded assent; and if my fellow-traveller had known how highly I prize the memory of this modern Theocritus, he might have spared himself the trouble of asking me the question.

I have often considered myself fortunate in meeting with characters on my Tours—that is to say, with persons who step a little out of the path which their fate has allotted to them to pursue; and I soon found out that I had stumbled upon one in the person of Peter, the head waiter at the Cross Keys in Kelso, a house of great repute on the North road. But where is the situation, in the humbler walks of life, in which there is a wider field for the formation of character and the exercise of it afterwards than that of a waiter at a large inn, upon a much frequented road? And where is the man in this part of Scotland who does not ken the said Peter? For my own part, I could not find any such ignoramus. My own acquaintance with him, however, began as follows:—

There is nothing more striking than the look of reception—if I may be allowed such a term—a man experiences at the moment of his approaching the door of a large inn. In fact, from Boniface himself to Bill the Boots, a pretty exact estimate is instantly made of his intrinsic value, and the "look of reception" is in exact accordance with said estimate. Now, my appearance was of a somewhat dubious nature. No doubt, but at first I might have been taken for what is commonly called a coaching bag-man—by which is implied, a commercial gentleman who travels by coaches instead of by his own "horse and chaise," but who hires a horse and chaise when there is no coach from one town to another, as was the case here on this day. Under such circumstances, then, what more could I expect from Peter, on alighting from the gig, than what I got? which was exactly this: "*Show the gentleman into No. 2, and stir the fire;*" when Peter and his napkin appeared to vanish into air.

But a waiter at an inn of this sort makes a near approach to perpetual motion—at all events, to a kind of mortal ubiquity; and something requiring Peter's re-appearance at the door, he saw, amongst my traps in the gig, what induced him to believe he was mistaken as to the gentleman in No. 2, and he not only saw a hunting-whip and some boot-trees, but he also heard something that settled the point at once. "*The gentleman has been stopping at our house,*" said the post-boy, "*and he is come here to hunt with the Duke.*"

This short but pithy sentence went to the very soul of Peter. In the twinkling of an eye, he was in No. 2—stirred the fire—"hoped I left my lord, and all the gentlemen, well at Dunse—of course, I should like a fire in my bed-room—what time should I like to dine—would order a fire in the large hunt-room—would my horses be at Kelso to-night?" &c. &c. &c. But now comes the climax. "Give this note to the Dunse post-boy," said I, "and tell him it is for Mr. Campbell of Glen-saddell." "Oh, sir," exclaimed Peter, "I wish I had known you had been writing to Mr. Campbell of Glen-saddell: perhaps, sir, you would have been so good as to have told him I am quite all (ill) at all the gentlemen forsaking me—I am sure I sha'nt live two years. I got more in one six weeks, sir, when my Lord (Elcho) and the gentlemen was here, than I do all the year round besides. Do, sir, just look at our Hunt-room: there, sir, you see that table (we adjourned to the room in which stood a handsome and wide dinner-table). The very last time the gentlemen dined in this room, Lord John Scott jumpt clean over that table, at four o'clock in the morning, with all the bottles and glasses, punch-bowls and jugs on it, and never touched one of them." "Lucky for his lordship," said I, "that he cleared his fence so well: I all but lost my right arm, by falling upon a glass bottle—but don't put my dinner in this big room, for it feels devilish cold." Exit Peter, with a bow.

About six o'clock, I went to my chamber to dress, and found every comfort in it to be expected at an inn. A tap at the door, however, soon announced the arrival of Peter, who, advancing towards me in the most respectful manner, and with a card in his hand, thus addressed me: "Beg pardon, sir (giving me the card): *an invitation to dinner*—Mr. Burn Callander, of Preston-hall, near Edinburgh—*a very excellent gentleman.* He and his lady have apartments in the house—a fine stud of hunters at Dickinson's stables—hunts every day with the Duke. Dinner ordered exactly at seven—hopes to have the pleasure of your company." Now, this was very pleasing intelligence to myself, and nothing out of Peter's way, as, but for it, I was booked for the Cock and Gridiron, in the village of St. Roswell's—close to the kennel—the very next morning, intending only to have one day's experience of Peter and his inn, both of which are excellent in their way.* To the hospitality of Mr. Callander, then, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making some years back when at Brighton, was I indebted for most agreeable evenings during my residence at Kelso, as he would not hear of my dining by myself, so long as he was sojourning in the house; and, as insisted upon by Peter, dinner was each day served in the Hunt-room. It is a handsome room, comfortably furnished, having its walls adorned with some good pictures, and displaying other ornaments tastefully blended with the various insignia of the chase.

Even supposing the character of my Tour to have been strictly sporting, I could not omit a short description of the town of Kelso and its immediate neighborhood, each of which is full of interest to those who occasionally look back upon past times. The town itself, indeed, is one of the prettiest in Scotland—at all events, of those towns I saw; and the ruins of the abbey—the transept and towers of which are still complete, at the end of nearly a thousand years†—exhibit as beautiful a specimen of Saxon architecture as is to be seen any where. Old Camden's notice of this abbey, by the bye, is not much amiss. "Not far off Hume Castle," says he, "lieth Kelso, formerly famous for a monastery—founded by King David—the first among thirteen more, *for the propagation of God's glory, but to the great impairing of the crown lands.*" But it was with the situation of Kelso that I was most gratified. It stands in a sort of vale of Tempe, abounding in every thing that pleases the eye of taste; and upon the classic banks of the Tweed and Teviot, who join their waters as they flow through it, are to be seen noble specimens both of nature and of art. The variety of landscape, in fact, appears to have no bounds, when viewed and appreciated in its merely pastoral character; but when associated with the deeds of "auld lang syne," and contrasted with its present peaceable appearance, the soul of that man must be dead indeed, who could stand quite unmoved upon Kelso-bridge, on his first visit to this country. At one glance of his eye, he could see a palace in which a duke lives; with another, a ruin before which a monarch died. He would see all that remains of by far the strongest of the border fortresses, and observe the ravages the hand of time has made—for he might almost exclaim "Periere ruinæ!" Of course, I am alluding to the Castle of Roxburgh, on the Duke of Roxburgh's domain; and his recollections of history would furnish him with the names and characters of its illustrious inhabitants in olden times. Kings were born, marriages were celebrated, birth-days were kept, within its massive walls; and though last, not least, the crown of Scotland was here tendered to the crown of England.

But Kelso is visited by sportsmen for other purposes than the chase. The fishing in the Tweed—that Rex fluviorum of this country, as Virgil calls the Eridanus of another—seduces numbers to its banks, not only from the metropolis of Scotland, but also from all parts of England, although it appears from a scientific article on the "gentle art," in your number for May last, the Tweed now is not what the Tweed was, in the angler's eyes; and it appears only to stand third on the list in its own country, and inferior to many rivers in Ireland, in its stock of fish, which is accounted for by the increase of weirs and nets at its mouth, for the supply of the London market. But it is a noble river, and entitled to its share of all the reasonable praises which have been so lavishly bestowed upon others.

Sunday 23d. That a bad excuse is better than none, is a truism which cannot be doubted, inasmuch as it is, at all events, an acknowledgment of a fault. I must, then, offer two apologies for going to my work on the Sabbath: first, not being of the kirk; next, by an arrangement made between the three neighboring packs, to meet on certain days, hounds were to be reached from Dunse and Kelso on every day in the week; and therefore, as my route was marked out for me, this was the only day on which it appeared probable that I could ride over to St. Boswell's, to inspect the Duke of Buccleuch's hunting establishment—a treat I had not the "moral courage," as Dan O'Connell says, to resist. "Peter," said I to him, as I was going to bed on Saturday night, "order me a hack in the morning, to take me to St. Boswell's." "Never fear," replied Peter: "a hack shall be at your stables for you, and a good one too."

Oaths, they say, are but words—words but wind: and that such they proved here, will be illustrated by the following dialogue on the morrow:—

Nimrod (in a hurry). "Now, Mr. Dickinson, the hack."

Mr. Dickinson. "The hack, sir?"

Nim. "Yes, the hack Peter ordered for me last night."

Mr. D. "Peter ordered no hack."

Nim. "Then d—n Peter."

Mr. D. "Well, sir, p'rhaps Peter had a wee drap too much."

Nim. "But what shall I do? I want to get to St. Boswell's before the hounds are fed, and it is now ten o'clock, and to-morrow a hunting day."

Mr. D. "Well, here's the Mi-nis-ter's mare. H'll na want her to-day, and she's getting muckle fat. She'll carry you quite to your leeking."

It is scarcely necessary, then, to observe, that in little more than an hour from this time, the Minister's mare and Nimrod were at St. Boswell's, about nine miles from Kelso, the distance being impressed upon my memory by the fact of my having, for the first time in my life, paid exactly a penny a mile tollage. The scenery by the road side, however, is more than worth the money.

I confess I anticipated, beyond a sight of the Duke's establishment, a great treat in this visit to St. Boswell's. In the first place, a clever huntsman has ever been an object of my early admiration; secondly, knowledge, like honey, being picked up a bit here and a bit there, I was very anxious to have an hour or two's conversation with the very celebrated Williamson, and, as the poet says,

——"From his lips
Glean Science."

More than this (although, strictly speaking, Nimrod should be a reporter of actions, rather than a painter of characters; yet those of public men being public property—"public materies," as Horace calls them, and few are more often discussed than a huntsman's), I wished to have somewhat of a clearer insight into his, than the mere operations in the field would afford me; being persuaded, from all I had heard, that it was by no means an every-day one.

I was much pleased with the site* and business-like appearance of the St. Boswell's kennel and stables, all of which, with the houses of the huntsmen and the head groom, present one uniform front; but of course divided into two separate court-yards, with large folding gates to each. Nor was I less satisfied with the internal arrangements, which every one who sees them must admit are formed by a master hand; and I have reason to believe the directing hand was that of Williamson himself. But what most surprised me was the moderate charge at which these premises had been erected—namely, not quite £1500, which may also be attributed to the well-known good eye to economy, as well as to a country or a fox, which said Williamson is known to possess. In the kennel, are ample accommodations for a four or five days in the week pack, which is the best estimate I can make of its size, with my pen; and between the stables of the Duke's horses and those of the servants, which form two distinct establishments, are at least forty stalls. In fact, I counted nineteen horses in what are called his Grace's stables, and the number of those necessary for servants for four days a week, may very easily be calculated. There is a room in the head groom's house fitted up for the use of the Duke, in which a suit of clothes is always kept, well aired, on hunting days; and, in case of being benighted, there is a bed in which a more fastidious duke than his Grace of Buccleuch might find himself quite at his ease, after a good day's sport.

There was a stillness about the kennel as I approached it, which convinced me that there were no hounds there; and none there proved to be. 'I am too late," said I to myself: "they are fed, and gone out for their walk—how unlucky is this!" It however proved otherwise: they were not fed, but were merely gone for a walk down the road, with their huntsman and whippers-in on foot, by way of stretching legs, as the term is, for part of the pack had had rather a hard day's work on the yesterday. Now, some of my readers—the perfectly uninitiated ones, of course—may be at a loss for a reason why hounds should be seen by an amateur previously to, and not after, their being fed; but if they will apply to John Walker, huntsman to the Fife, he will supply that reason in a very few words. A certain general officer went into his kennel, just after his pack had been fed, and made the following sage remark upon them: "Bless my heart," said he, "what a number of these hounds are with pup!" Now, doubtless, had John Walker been talking to the general on the difficult art of fortification, on the subject of royal bastions, or great guns, he might have made an equally sage observation; but the fact is, the line of beauty in a hard-feeding hound, when just flogged away from the trough, is sadly damaged to the eye.

Having deposited the Minister's mare at the Cock and Gridiron, which is within a hundred yards of the kennel, with orders that she should be well taken care of and fed; and, furthermore, wishing to avoid the imputation of having ridden the Minister's mare with hounds on the Sabbath, I walked in the direction which the feeder informed me Williamson and his pack had taken; and, in the course of a mile, I met them, in a turn of the road. The sight to myself was a cheering one. Indeed, fifty couples of hounds, in the highest possible condition, joined with the reminiscence of what I had already seen with them, as well as the anticipation of at least a week's diversion in future, was an object very likely to be so. But my reception by the pack was by no means a gratifying one. Whether or not, like Homer's dogs,† their power of instinct enabled them to determine the nature of the spirit that was come amongst them, I am unable to say; but this much I know—the bristles of several stood erect, as they surrounded me on the road; and but for Williamson's "*Have a care, Lucy!*" and a smack of his whip, a fine lemon-pied bitch of that name would certainly have had a taste of my haunch, if nothing more. I considered this rather a rare occurrence; for, although fox-hounds should not be approached by strangers, without caution, in their kennel, they are, generally speaking, the most inoffensive animals of their entire species when out of it—that is to say, to man.

On our arrival at the kennel, the whole pack were twice walked through the wash-pool in the yard; and, after allowing a certain time for them to lick themselves dry, they were drawn by Williamson to the troughs and fed—and having said by whom fed, I need not add in a very workmanlike manner. This wash-pool is now becoming pretty general in kennels, and an excellent expedient I take it to be. By preventing hounds carrying wet dirt and dry mud with them into their beds, it conduces greatly to cleanliness, and is considered a preservative from what is called kennel-lameness. At all events, there was not in this kennel, on the day on which I visited it, one single instance of that destructive disease. The benefit to the feet is self-evident, as the tongue is the dog's doctor for all slight excoriations, to which their feet are so liable in their work.

A walk through the St. Boswell's stables was to me a high treat; particularly so, as I was given to understand that in them the system I have recommended for treating hunters in the stable is very generally followed.‡ Neither is the system of clipping—which I have always condemned, and which I shall never cease to condemn, as a mere cheat to the eye, as a violent outrage§ on nature, and a substitute for real condition—adopted, except in cases of extreme necessity, of which there were only two in a stud of this magnitude. These were in horses very irritable when dressed, which, in my opinion, is the best reason for having recourse to the operation of clipping, inasmuch as after a good run in a dirty country, such horses may be said to be doing nearly a second day's work after they return to their stalls. In the account I have written—the first part of which has been published in the New Sporting Magazine—of all the hunters I have myself possessed, will be found the mention of one which could not be dressed at all on the evening of the day he had been ridden with hounds, and consequently, had clipping then been in fashion, he would without doubt have been benefitted by it.

The first stable I walked through was that which contained the servants' horses—sixteen in number—amongst which I espied "the Old Black Horse," as he is called, that carried Williamson so splendidly throughout the celebrated fifty-five minutes from East Gordon-gorse, of which I have already given an account. He is a low, narrow, but long, deep, and wiry-looking animal, showing a deal of blood, although of rather mean appearance; and, as I was told, was purchased, like many of Williamson's horses, for a very inconsiderable sum. He appeared, however, quite ready for another day, and, like the rest of the stud, in very excellent condition. To enumerate them all, would by no means be desirable, were it in my power to do so; but I am able to give, in a few words, the general character of the servants' horses in the Duke of Buccleuch's hunting establishment, all of which are purchased by Williamson himself—lately, I understood, by his Grace's orders, at something beyond Williamson's estimate of a Scotch hunter's value. They are for the most part light horses, not equal, on the average, to more than from eleven to twelve stone weight, but showing a great deal of high breeding—without which, indeed, they would be often found wanting in parts of the Duke's country, particularly over the Cheviot hills.

"But where," said I to Williamson, "is your famous old white horse, of whom I have heard so much?" "Gone earth-stopping with Hugh: I don't ride *him* till the ground gets quite soft," was the reply. "You are right," resumed I; "and if sportsmen in general were not to ride horses of a certain age either early in the autumn or far on in the spring, they would find a very large balance in their favor at the end of twenty years." There was a clever little chestnut mare in one of the stalls, showing a deal of blood, and, as the dealers say, "as long as a cart-rope," which I saw Williamson ride twice when I was in his country, appearing to be as handy as a fiddle, from the tuition she had experienced at his hand. There was not one lame horse in this stable.

My next visit was to the Duke's own stud—nineteen in number—of which two were clipped, for the reason I have already given. Amongst the lot, were three or four young horses, going through their education for the field under the able direction of Frank Collison; but the rest were first-rate hunters, and more than equal to the Duke's weight—as indeed all men's hunter's should be, let their weight be great or small. I only recognised one of the lot, and this was old Alphabet, which his Grace purchased of Lord Lichfield when I was at Melton, together with Jemmy Jumps, for nine hundred guineas, the two; and he appeared to be as fresh as he was then, although now in, at least, his nineteenth year. A finer sample, indeed, of the British hunter for fourteen stone might be looked for in vain, and the long services he performed for the Duke after the many hot shirts he must have had under Lord Lichfield, when his lordship hunted his own hounds in the Atherstone country, proved him to have been made of the right stuff. Doubtless, a more aristocratic-looking animal cannot well be imagined, and I hope his Grace has got his picture. The result of my inquiry after Jemmy Jumps was not so favorable. The Anson pace and the hot shirts had made too deep an impression upon him, and, comparatively with the other, he dropped into a premature grave—or, in more appropriate words, had found his way into the copper much before his time. But it is with horses as with men—there are strong distinctions and great differences of excellence between them; and when once a sportsman has found out that he has got a good one, nothing but necessity should induce him to part with him. I think I once proved that a very heavy and hard-riding gentleman* saved more than two thousand pounds some years back, by refusing that sum from the late Lord Middleton for two hunters which he had proved to be good ones, and able to stand his weight and pace. But there was another horse in the Duke's stud called Jemmy, which, although somewhat low in his back, greatly attracted my notice, appearing to have all the requisites of a hunter for the Duke's weight and pace. In my judgment of this horse, it appeared I was not mistaken; for on my telling Lord Elcho that I had seen the St. Boswell's stud, his lordship asked me if I was not much pleased with Jemmy. I took out my pocket-book, and showed him that I had noted him as the flower of the flock. I believe Lord Elcho offered a large sum for him, for his own riding.

The condition of the Duke's horses was most creditable to his groom; and, as was the case with those under Williamson's care—for they form two separate establishments—every horse was then in work. There was not even a single case of foot-lameness in either of the studs, and I only saw two legs bandaged, to remove some temporary inflammation to which hunters are always subject, from blows and other causes. But I must add a few more words on this interesting subject, as well as pleasing one to me, inasmuch as it is a great gratification to be able to speak well of any man, and more especially when writing of that class of men which contribute so much to the pleasure of fox-hunting as a good hunting groom contributes. I am bound to say, then, that, independently of his professional skill, of which his horses gave proof, I never met with a more civil, unaffected, or sensible man in his line, than Matthew Marshall, the Duke of Buccleuch's head groom. He was brought up in the stables of the Earl of Home, and the Duke gives him every chance to be a first-rate hunting groom, as he is almost always to be seen in the field, attired in the proper hunting costume of the servant, and mounted on one or another of the Duke's own horses, but in a run quite independent of his Grace, who has his pad-boy out on his second horse. The advantages he receives by this are greater than many persons may imagine, who might not have given the subject their full consideration. *He sees and feels his horses in their work;* and thereby partakes of the practical experience which the training groom avails himself of, by his constant presence with his race-horses when they are doing what is called good work, and his nearly constant presence at all other times. Matthew, or "Matty," as he is called in Scotland, is in the prime of life—indeed, appearing to possess the rare gift of an old head upon young shoulders; particularly neat and clean, and servant-like in his person and demeanor, and a very good horseman.

Now, a word or two for old Frank Collison, of whom I have before spoken, and to whom I was mainly indebted for seeing the finish of one of the finest runs ever seen in Scotland. Frank was on the hunting establishment of the late Duke of Buccleuch. He whipped-in to John King for twenty years; then was made huntsman for seven years—when Williamson became huntsman—and is now hunting what may be called the same hounds (though they have changed masters backwards and forwards) his *twentieth* season! He has, I should imagine, arrived at the period which is commonly called "the grand climacteric," although there is nothing in his appearance denoting the usually accompanying decay of either body or mind; and having already said that the young horses in the present Duke's stud are made into hunters by Frank, it is almost a waste of words to throw away one al out his nerves. As far as I could judge of them, however—and I saw him in some awkward situations—they appeared to resemble the braces of the war-drum, or the cat-gut of a fiddle in high tune, and I doubt not but he is perfectly and happily unconscious of there being such things in his carcass. His dress is likewise worthy of remark, adhering to the old costume of the Scottish huntsman—namely, a black velvet cap, a short red jacket, known by the term spencer, and leather breeches quite as thick as a bullock's hide. The *tout ensemble*, however, is that of the sportsman's of the old school, and Frank is a first-rate horseman, with a fine bridle hand.

By the way, this was not the first time I had seen what may be called the ancient costume of the Scottish fox-hunter. About thirty years back, a Highland infantry regiment was quartered at Wrexham, and several of the officers hunted with Sir Richard Puleston's hounds, in scarlet jackets, fitting tight to the person, which had certainly an outlandish appearance in our eyes, merely because we had never seen them before: but this I remember—it required a good man, on a good horse, to see the way some of those scarlet jackets went.

To return to the kennel, which, after all, will be considered by sportsmen as the chief object of their visit. It will, however, be borne in mind by them, the serious task I have to perform in offering my remarks upon such an establishment as this, brought to maturity, as it has been, by time and labour, and under the directing eye of one of the first huntsmen of the present age. But I shall not shrink from this hazardous undertaking, for two reasons. First, I build upon the indulgence hitherto shown to my unreserved opinions of what I see in the sporting world; and secondly, I may here be the means of directing the eye of the young master of hounds to certain points on which may be founded the high character of the Duke of Buccleuch's pack.

The first thing that must strike even a casual observer in perusing the above list,† is the pains Williamson has taken in procuring what he has considered the best blood, as in a kennel of forty-nine and a half couples of hounds, only the odd nine and a half couples are got by his own hounds; and out of sixty-two brood bitches, twenty-four only are those of his own breeding. The good effect of this, however, is apparent at the conclusion of the list, where we find all the young hounds (*i.e.* those of one year old) except four, are out of his own bitches. Contrast this with Mr. Ralph Lambton's list of the same year, and what is the result? In a kennel containing thirteen couples more hounds, we find that long-established and first-rate sportsman has only used twelve stud-hounds and eight brood-bitches, *not* of his own blood; which leads to the conclusion, that the one—Williamson—is arriving at perfection in his kennel, and that the other—Mr. Lambton—has attained it. It will also be observed, that Williamson drafts with an unsparing hand, as the Duke of Buccleuch's present pack do not average more than a hound and a half to a litter.

I may as well at once give my opinion of the Duke of Buccleuch's pack, as reserve it for a future opportunity; for in fact my experience of them is equally available, and, as the old proverb saith, "there is nothing like the present time." Individually, there are amongst them hounds on which the eye of the sportsman—the real admirer of the animal—would scarcely tire to dwell.

Collectively—or, in more appropriate language, as a pack—my opinion of these hounds was given in a letter I wrote to Mr. Lambton from Scotland, informing him of my intended visit to him on my return home, and in precisely these words:—"I think Williamson can show twenty couples of bitches, and ten of dog-hounds, that it would be very difficult to beat *in any kennel in England*—of the same standard, of course." The opinion, however, of those (competent to give one, of course) who have been where I have not been, for the last five years—that is, among the crack packs of England—is better worth having than mine; and it is the opinion of several sportsmen who are able to judge of them, in actual comparison with others, that the Duke of Buccleuch's pack ranks third or fourth amongst the crack nags of the kingdom. All I can add is, long may it continue to do so.

[New London Sporting Magazine for February.

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* "Go to the Cock and Gridiron, at St. Boswell's," said Lord Kintore, in one of his letters: "it will suit your pocket better than Kelso. Barclay and myself once lived there for a fortnight."

† Founded 1128.

* At the head of a small common, intersected with roads.

† Odyssey—Lib. xv.

‡ A very sporting yeoman in the neighborhood, by the name of Brown, had, a short time before my visit to St. Boswell's, made a present to Hugh Burn, the first whipper-in, of the book called "Nimrod on the Condition of Hunters."

§ We do not go the length of our friend Nimrod, in condemnation of clipping. We do not see that it is any greater outrage on Nature than the general system of equine domestication. However, we readily give insertion to his sentiments, with this salvo for ourselves.—ED. N.S.M.

* The elder Mr. Edge, of Nottinghamshire, so conspicuous amongst the heavy weights.

† Referring to the list of hounds which is given by Nimrod, though omitted by us as uninteresting to American readers.—ED. SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The late thaws and subsequent frost having changed the snow and slush on the ice into the finest glassy ice, there was a general turn out on Saturday, and several trotting matches took place on the ice in front of the town. The best trotter on the frozen field was, we believe, a Lower Canadian horse, of unpremising appearance, and for which his owner asked £75 after his powers had been displayed.—He trotted half a mile in a minute. A horse belonging to Wm. Wilson Esq. also proved himself to be a fast trotter. The day was very fine, and fifty or sixty sleighs and some hundreds of people were present viewing the scene.

Kingston, U. C. Herald, March 15th.

A CHANGE IN THE BREED.—About fifty years ago the British Whigs were *Fox*-hounds; a short time since they were *Grey*-hounds.

THE BEDOUIN ARABS OF THE DESERT,
AND THEIR HORSES.

Sir—So many contradictory and romantic tales have been propagated about these Arabs, that I consider the following faithful narrative of an eye-witness, M. de Portes, Equerry to His Majesty the King of the French, published by the Prince Puckler Muskau, must be acceptable to your readers; for many travellers have only copied from others, and few have actually *lived* amongst the Bedouins, as it requires more than ordinary courage to do so.

The arrival of an Arabian horde in the Desert is a very extraordinary sight. First appear a few horsemen on their mares, sweeping along like the wind, armed with long lances, encircling in a gallop the place where they intend to halt, and each individual chooses a particular spot according to his own fancy; and immediately drives his lance into the ground, and fastens his mare to it as a sign that he will pitch his tent there. Now a great many are coming up, some on horses, but most on camels, and in the distance a formidable army is seen marching up, *pêle-mêle*, very fast. These are the Arabian families and the gross of the tribe, with their tents, baggage, and camels; some of these animals carrying women, or children, others tents and furniture, and an innumerable lot following quickly on foot. Those conveying the families are accoutred according to the wealth of the owner. That of the Cheick, whom I saw, carried a sort of palanquin in the shape of a canoe, placed at length, and open in front to direct the animal, containing three or four women and as many children in a state of nudity. Each family now takes the direction for the lance, which they well know, and in a few moments afterwards a town appears to have been built. Naked children are running about and gambolling in the water wherever they can find a ditch.

The camp is pitched without the least regularity, only the tent of the Cheick is in the centre, and distinguished from the others by its larger size; they are all made of camel or goat skins, without elegance or neatness, fastened by two poles of six feet height. The interior is divided by a carpet, one half for the women, the other for the men, and to receive strangers. The furniture consists of a few carpets, straw or reed mats, which serve as a bed, (some of the poorer sleep on the bare earth only covered by a *kabas*,) the most necessary utensils for cooking, such as a pot of metal, a large metal or wooden plate, a cup of zinc or wood, out of which they all drink without being cleaned, a coffee-pot of copper, and a cask fabricated of camel skins.

Their toilette is as simple as their cooking utensils: the men wear a long wide shirt until it actually becomes rotten, nor do they take it off, but at night when they lay on it, only covered by a *mechlas* of coarse wool; and go barefooted. The Anaze's Arabs, however, shew a little more elegance: they never leave their tents unarmed; their weapons consist of a sword, a bad gun, and a lance.

The women wear a long shift of blue linen, a black veil, drawn in a knot under the nose, and gently falling down on their body; they often let it fall to shew a large ring drawn through the right nostril and fastened with a chain to the temple. They are fond of shewing their lips, painted with blue color, and they have many figures engraved on the chin, cheek, nose, and neck. They never leave their tents uncovered; they are above the middle stature, walk nobly and gracefully; their black eyes are very beautiful, and appear larger as they paint their eyelids; their nose is well formed, but the remainder of their faces is disfigured by many different marks. Their hands and arms are always handsome, but their feet are rather wide, never having been compressed by shoes.

The children walk about naked, the boys only wearing a tightly laced girdle of leather round their bodies. I inquired after this custom, and was told it made them strong and fast runners, nor did they require so much food: the men also wear this belt. They were all fine children, and I did not see a single one deformed: they are very hardy, fight the whole day, are exposed to a burning sun without injury: they exercise with the lance, and in wrestling.

The women direct the household in the kitchen, and weave and spin the cloth, but the kitchen affairs do not take up much of their time, for though these people are very voracious if an opportunity offers, they mostly live on meagre fare, which rarely exceeds a pilau of red rice with melted butter. During the dinner, sour milk, dates, honey, duphte, &c., is now and then added. The women are obliged to grind the corn, done by clumsy hand-mills. The bread is baked upon iron plates, and resembles a flat cake. Lastly, their duty consists in fetching the water, which is only to be procured but at times at a great distance. I don't think, however, they have much trouble about washing, for both sexes are alike indifferent as regards cleanliness, indeed most disgustingly so.

They are very superstitious, and much less religious than the Osmanlys:—many, however, observe the Ramadan, and they pray in company, ranged in one line, with a first prayer at their head, who makes the most horrible grimaces. Their wealth consists of camels and horses, but no cows—in a few herds of sheep and goats, which yield them milk and butter; they also use camel's milk. The number of camels is very considerable: many possess ten, twenty, and upwards; and their Cheick Donechy owned three hundred, of which they annually sell a great many to the Turcomans, who, during my sojourn in the Arab camp, purchased about 2000 at the rate of 200 and 250 Turkish piastres a-piece. The evening return of the camels to the camp affords a singular sight to an European—from five to six thousand, followed by their young ones gambolling along the barren ground like goats, and these clumsy looking animals chase and frisk about like gazelles.

This Nomadic people no doubt possess the finest race of Horses known to us; but such a mass of nonsense, such erroneous and romantic stories have been promulgated, that it will be very difficult to enable the reader to see through the mist of untruth: I shall, therefore, content myself by stating a few plain facts.

The Arabian horse in general comes from the Nedgit, and they are commonly called Nedji. A more noble race is called Koenlan, divided into five different families, or nobled Cherifs, which five races, as the legend goes, originated from the five Blessed Mares of the Prophet, and are named Tonaisse, Gilphe, Manegine, Sedie, and Seclawe. Besides these, there are a number of other families too difficult to enumerate. I must own there are *no* certain signs by which one can ascertain whether a horse is Nedgedi or Koenlan, for I have conversed with many intelligent Arabs, and they all assured me they could not distinguish them unless the origin of the dam was known to them, and for that reason they kept their mares unstained by the leap of an inferior stallion, which is considered a principal sin in the Koran; and this command of their religion they at least follow to the very letter. If by chance the contrary should happen, the Bedouin does not value the foal the least, and, however handsome and promising it may be, he will part with it for a mere trifle. If a Koenlan mare is stinted to a Nedgedi stallion, the foal is a Koenlan; but if only to a Gnesidek, the foal also is only Gnesidek; and the foal only of a Nedgedi mare by a Koenlan stallion is Negedi, and for that reason you will meet amongst the latter, though an inferior race, many horses at least as handsome as the first, and even the Arabs cannot distinguish them without knowing the dam's race.

The Arabs have no Stud Book as is generally asserted, nor do they call together a number of witnesses when the covering act is performed, or when the foal is born: all this is false; for I have often had opportunities to observe a leap in the night, where scarcely any and but casual witnesses were present. They choose the best horse amongst their own or neighboring tribe for a covering stallion, which travels about as in Europe, and it is very difficult to purchase him, at least during the covering season—the horse serving three mares daily at about 1 Sp. dollar each, and travelling from tribe to tribe, at times to a great distance. They allow them to cover as early as 2 years old, and frequently the mares are not older: it happens, however, that not unfrequently they are worthless at 3 or 4 years old. Stallions, mares, and foals all graze together.

The Arab generally rides without a bridle: a halter, with a nose-band covered with iron like a cavesson, serves him instead; and in lieu of a saddle their noble coursers have only a piece of wadded linen with two napes for stirrups fastened on their back; and they seldom have the hind feet shod, as in Germany.

The many scars, from firing, seen on almost every part of the horse, have been done on purpose, for they know no other remedy for man and horse, and even young children are covered with them. Many of their horses—even 2 year old ones—are disfigured by scars above and beneath the fetlocks, which at first I took for splents, but originate from the iron manacles by which they are fastened to prevent their being stolen; for during the whole of the day they remain out grazing, and at times leave the camp for a considerable distance: but at night every Arab has each animal before his tent; ties one of their legs, and having only three to dispose of they cannot run far.

The Anaze's horses I found a much inferior race, and I cannot recommend them for use in European studs.

The Arabs are indifferent about the formation and shape of their stallions: if he runs well, is of the proper origin, and has no *superstitious* marks, they use him as such, and would put him without hesitation to their best mares; whereas, the most splendid stallion, if his origin is doubtful, and the marks ill-favored, would not get the worst mare; and I shall speak of their superstition—the Evil Eye—hereafter. In candor I must own, that, though the stallions may possess great faults in their shape, they at the same time have extraordinary qualities, for as soon as they are mounted all defects vanish: it would be almost impossible to detect any, so noble is their appearance. I saw many stallions with ugly hind quarters, the tail put on very low; but when mounted, they carried their tails erect, so that one doubted whether it was the same horse. A few of the finest horses had the appearance of English thorough-breds, but were much more active and pleasant to ride, when broken in a little in the European fashion; for, raw from the Desert, not knowing bridle or spur, which latter is never used by the Arabs, they walk terrified on any pavement, and can only with difficulty be got into a trot, as they jump out of a walk into full gallop, and stop as suddenly; but being very docile they are easily broken-in properly.

I have already stated that the five principal races are said to originate from the five favorite Mares of the Prophet, and these only deserve the name of Koenlan, and are mostly met with at Bagdad and Orfa. Those at the Euphrat are taller and stronger, but their muscles are not so finely drawn. Some European judges prefer the Nedgedi to the Koenlan, as one often finds amongst them finer horses with extraordinary qualities; but the Oriental prejudice always returns to the Koenlan, as their race is bred more in and in, just like our race horses. It is difficult to say with any sort of certainty whether a horse is Nedgedi or Koenlan: the former have somewhat of a Roman nose and high forehead: a true Koenlan, with a certificate, has a nose drawn inwards like a jack or pike, large eyes, wide nostrils, a broad front, and a beautiful head. One may buy without difficulty a stallion; but an Arab seldom parts with a mare, and, if pressed by necessity, they manage as follows. First, the price is agreed upon: the purchaser then begins to use the mare, and the first and second foal is delivered to the seller, who, if he likes, has the right to deliver in return one foal for the dam. These conditions often vary, for at times the owner will not sell above a fourth of the mare, which in the Arabian language is called purchasing one foot.

Aware that none of your readers are likely to visit Arabia for the purpose of purchasing horses, as a better breed may now be had at home, I shall omit giving the particulars of the different tribes of Cheicks of the Desert, of those who may be trusted, and those who are regular cheats, and likewise the translation of the superstitious belief of the Arabs, who are very loth to shew their horses to strangers from fear of the Evil Eye, and never omit to pray the great Macha Allah; and if a horse falls ill after such a visit, they immediately call in a sort of wizard, and who talking some cabalistical words, breaks an egg on the front of the patient, who, nevertheless, generally dies, and the wizard then gravely says, "God ordained it so," or "it was written so." But a French Veterinary Surgeon at the same time thought proper to administer physic, which saved his horse, whereas that attended by the Arab died in spite of the egg, the magical words, and the golden ring. Some of the prophecies of Mahomed are sheer nonsense, particularly those about color; others coincide with observations of the present age. If Mahomed actually was inspired by Allah, our wives would do well never to permit their husbands riding horses who carry the tail one side, as they are sure to be soon repudiated; and maidens ought to be in awe against bachelors on stallions with white spots on the thighs. Such nonsensical revelations, if known before, might have saved a great deal of money to some European purchasers: they are kept a great secret by the Arabs, but have been translated by Mr. Bandon, Dragoman to Lady Stanhope. The excellent qualities our traveller likewise describes at full length in an Arab horse I cannot agree to: their real value is dolefully ascertained at Tattersalls when under the hammer: they may suit well a half-famished Arab in his Desert, but will surely break the neck of a well-fed European, as was very nigh the case with me; and, thank Heaven! a bright light is at last breaking in upon the Prussian Studs, where they now banish these obselete Orientals, which, if done twenty years since, would have been a saving of tens of thousands to the State. I remain, Sir, &c. J. C. H.

[Old London Sporting Magazine for February.

FIELD SPORTS OF SOUTHERN INDIA.

Trichinopoly, 1835.

Dear F—— Well knowing your great predilection for sports of every kind when with us, you will no doubt be pleased to receive a stave from an old companion, in arms as well as sport. In the first place I must inform you, that I obtained last May, six months leave of absence from my corps to visit the Neilgherry Hills, and proceeded direct to Ootacamund (the principal station on them). Not knowing at that time the best places for sport, I commenced operations by taking the field near to Ootacamund, but had but very indifferent success, on account of the number of, I won't say sportsman, but pretenders to the name, blazing their guns off in every direction, both wasting their time and consuming powder and shot to no purpose. I soon got disgusted with the tame work of only bagging a pea-fowl or two, or getting perhaps only a single shot at an elk, after having fagged the whole day from six A. M. until six P. M. This specimen of what I heard to be the "far-famed hill shooting" did not suit my taste, and I therefore came to the determination of leaving the hills, in the event of my not being able to make up a party to go and live in tents some eighteen or twenty miles away, in situations far removed from the habitations of man, and where sport was likely to be had in perfection. I was at first successful in mustering six or seven companions, though I must confess not at all adepts in using a gun: but recruits of any kind are necessary on these occasions, to share the heavy expenses incurred in camp excursions. Arrangements for this sporting tour had been in preparation for near a fortnight, and all was completed, when, on the very morning of dispatching the servants and bullocks with our tent equipage, &c. what was our mortification on finding no less than three or four of our party excusing themselves from their engagement to accompany us. With the exception of one individual, who really had been taken ill, not one excuse from the rest of the party was well founded; all were frivolous, and indeed it was very evident to the few of us who were resolved to go, that some of the party who declined accompanying us, though ashamed to own it, were afraid of contracting jungle fever. Our party thus dwindled away to only two persons besides myself, viz. the one an officer in his highness the Nizam's service, than whom a stancher sportsman never pulled a trigger, having killed at different periods and places in the Southern Mahratta country, &c. and with his own hand alone, the no small number of thirty-four royal tigers, independently of being "in at the death" with others who have assisted in destroying the amazing yet no less authentic number of three hundred and forty of the feline species, viz. tigers, chetahs, pards, and leopards, and all this done during a fourteen years' residence in India.* My other companion was an officer holding rank in one of his majesty's regiments in India, and keen to the back-bone in pursuit of game, however formidable the description.

To have every thing in readiness against our arrival, we sent our tents, dogs, guns and all our cooking apparatus with our servants, and on the following morning we started and arrived at Kotagherry (on our road to Orange Valley, whither our servants and baggage had preceded us), just in time to dine with a Doctor M—— of that station†, who gave us a hearty welcome and some excellent cheer. Having at dinner made marines of the bottles of at least half a dozen of Hodgson's pale ale; after the cloth was removed we discussed the merits of several bottles of prime Madeira ere we left our hospitable friend's roof. The hour of six had arrived before we thought of resuming our journey, and it was not until the "ghurry" had announced seven that we found ourselves again seated on horseback. On arriving at our medical friend's bungalow, in point of distance we had got over the greater part of our journey, but had now by far the most difficult part of it to encounter; a road, if such it may be called, being for the most part through a dense jungle, and frequently verging on the very brink of precipices which would have been deemed quite awful enough to approach in the open day. However, we were fortunate in having the night rather light, or I do not know what fate might otherwise have befallen both ourselves and our horses; the latter faithful animals (Arabs) managed to find the road where we were unable, and at length brought us safe on to the ground where our tents had been pitched. It was near ten o'clock when we came to the end of our journey, much fatigued, as you may fancy, and as anxious for rest as our poor faithful Arabs—but what was our astonishment and annoyance on finding that our beds had not arrived. Knowing full well that "blackey" would not think of venturing through a jungle after dark, we had no alternative left but to pull the inner walls of the tents down, and fold them around us by way of a bed; and in this novel manner we went to sleep, with one advantage certainly under all our mishaps, that of being fully prepared to turn out shooting in the morning without the trouble of dressing. Fatigue and the effects of the doctor's Madeira made us sleep very sound until about one A. M., after which we never closed our eyes, owing to the intensity of the cold, which, with the deep lowing of elk and other deer, in their midnight rambles, and, as morning drew nigh, the screaming of pea-fowl, or the crowing of jungle-cocks, completely disturbed our rest, and made us long anxiously for daylight, which I really thought would never appear. Each of us was up in turns to see whether any gleams of daybreak were observable in the horizon, but each was doomed to be disappointed in finding all around us black as pitch; and nothing was left us but to envelop ourselves in the folds of the tent-walls once more, and endeavour to while away the tedious hours in conversation. At length, after great suspense, symptoms of light lazily stole in under the eaves of our tent roof, which you may be sure we hailed with pleasure, jumping up as briskly as the nature of our comical beds would allow of. Rousing such of our bullock-drivers, and other followers and servants, as had accompanied the tents, we procured a fire, and got breakfast in the best manner existing circumstances would permit, and then sallied forth with a pack of upwards of thirty dogs of all sorts and sizes,—better I never saw than about eight or nine of them to work an elk out of a thick jungle, or a bear from a dangerous nullah (ravine). We had four or five spare double and single barrelled guns with us, carried by our Shikarries, and had many of the Coolies, who acted as beaters as also carriers of the game killed. On our way to some favourite jungles on the other side of the valley, we had to pass some cultivated ground near to a quantity of thick brushwood, where we observed, I should say, from at least sixty to seventy pea-fowl and jungle-fowl, feeding on some newly sown pea or vetch ground contiguous to it. As we approached they scurried into the brushwood, but we soon let slip three spaniels, and the game kept getting up by single birds at a time, just allowing of sufficient intervals for the one or other of us to fire and reload in readiness for every bird that was sprung. I never saw prettier shooting in my life, it was bang, bang! right and left, as fast as we could load.

We beat the whole of this low stunted cover thoroughly, which was about a mile in length and a quarter in breadth, and literally swarming with the feathered race, and I am inclined to think, nay, I may safely assert, that very few winged their way out of it but to death. The following was the result of our party's success:—M—— three hares, fourteen pea-fowl, sixteen jungle-fowl and spur-fowl; H—— five hares, seventeen pea-fowl, and nineteen jungle-fowl and spur-fowl. And I had every reason to be satisfied with what I did, though the least successful of the three, for I contrived to bring down with my barrels, two hares, thirteen pea-fowl, and seven jungle and spur-fowl—the finest shooting, not even excepting the grand battues in England. I in the whole course of my existence have experienced or witnessed, being in the total ninety-six head of game, slaughtered with three guns, within the short space of two hours.

Quail of several kinds, and some very beautiful varieties, I must observe, we also put up a fair proportion of, but we did not deem it worth while, or indeed had time, to shoot at them, when occupied so fascinatingly, with higher game. I almost forgot to state that had we not had spare guns with us, we should have been unable to have killed what we did; for independently of not having a ready loaded gun at hand, we should have been prevented loading as quick as we could have wished, owing to the heat of the barrels would have contracted, not only from frequent firing, but from the heat of the sun, which is intense in the valley. After piling our game in glorious heaps on the ground, we were glad to sit down and partake of refreshments; a cork or two of Hodgson was speedily untapped, and after our glasses had been emptied a second and a third time, we stuck each a weed in his mouth, and took to shooting once more. Our game we now forwarded to the tents by some of the Coolies, who had quite enough to do to carry such a weight. You may picture to yourself what a beautiful sight, from forty to fifty pea-fowl, with as many jungle-fowl and spur-fowl intermixed, by far the greater part of them cock birds, presented; their gaudy plumage glittering in the sunbeams with more splendour than as many pheasants (beautiful as they are) would have done.

We now drew our shot and loaded with ball, and mounted our horses to ascend a tremendous hill, and beat a jungle at the top. When we arrived near the summit, which we did not effect without some difficulty, we sent all the dogs, in charge of the dog-boys and coolies, to the extreme top, to beat downwards towards us, while we stationed ourselves on either side of a formidable nullah, which communicated with the jungle, and diverged down the hill. No sooner were the dogs let loose than we heard them give tongue in delightful concert to the elk and other animals, which we heard rushing in every direction. Several elk soon broke cover near to the top of the jungle, but they were too far off to venture a shot at. After a few minutes more of intense excitement, for our dogs were now dispersed in almost every part of the jungles, and the rushing of the forest beasts became more audible, while we were expecting something formidable to burst forth, out came five jungle sheep. As they broke cover near to where I was standing, I took the leader of the herd in the head, and nailed him on the spot; my companions, who certainly had not such an opportunity as myself, fired, the one missing, and the other breaking a leg of the hindmost in the herd, which, however, contrived to get off, taking refuge in the bushes for the present. The dogs at length got more together, and were now at bay at something we conceived to be of the ferocious sort; and our conjectures were true enough, for a stifled snarl from our enemy in ambush, soon convinced us it must be one of the feline species. Summoning up our nerve and firmness, we advanced warily and cautiously to the spot the noise proceeded from, but the dogs, though encouraged by our presence to draw closer on their object, were yet loath to attack it, for they still kept at bay. Though only a few yards from the spot the dogs had surrounded, we nevertheless could see nothing, from the denseness of the thicket the animal lay concealed in. We had remained in awful suspense for about a minute or so, when all of a sudden a piercing cry from one of the dogs, accompanied by a dreadful roar, which seemed to shake the very forests, proclaimed it was nothing less than a Bengal tiger. The very instant following, the jungle in which he lay cracked about him, and he rushed forth, fortunately on the opposite side to where we had posted ourselves. Where our hearts were at the moment this happened, I wont pretend to say, but we deemed ourselves fortunate in only coming in contact with one other of the species (a chetah, which we were lucky enough to kill) during our sojourn in the Orange Valley. The dismal howling of the dog continued, and on forcing our way through to the thicket the tiger had crouched in, with a view of ascertaining the mischief he had done, to our mortification we found one of our best dogs lying prostrate with his back broken: in his impetuosity he had come within reach of a stroke of the animal's paw, which sealed his fate, and roused the tiger from his lair. A few strokes from the butts of our guns speedily put the poor dog out of his misery, and we were left to regret his untoward fate, and that the monster that caused it had escaped without receiving so much as a single ounce of lead in his flesh, as none of us were so fortunate as to catch a glimpse of his hide, either in his form (which was a very large one) or upon his bolting out and skulking away into the deeper recesses of the mountains. After all this uproar, we did not succeed in getting a single shot at any thing for the next hour and a half; but one of our horsekeepers was lucky enough to discover the jungle sheep M—— had wounded in the morning, and which the jackals would shortly have made a prey of, for several were to be seen lurking around the spot where it was found, looking as impudently and as coolly at our ghorawallah's (horsekeeper's) motions, as if they were inclined to dispute the booty, as being the right claimants. We would certainly have made some of them smart for their audacity, but for the report of our guns, which would have scared the deer from the immediate neighbourhood we were in. A few random shots being fired by our party at elk and deer, which we found very wild, we changed ground, and commenced beating the wooded slope of another steep hill. We had not let slip the dogs many minutes, when they were all in full chorus again, ourselves in ambush, commanding the openings where we thought it likely our game would come out, and at the respective distances of two hundreds yards from each other; the cover being awfully thick, we deemed it advisable to send in every black rascal we could muster, to shout and make every possible noise in their power, and the scene and sounds soon became so highly ludierous that it was some little time before I could command my risible faculties sufficiently to take an aim with steadiness, so necessary in running shots. Some of the dogs came to bay more than once in this jungle, but upon the beaters approaching the spot, to ascertain at what, the animal would remove from one place to another, the dogs all the time very evidently sticking to it manfully. "A sounder of hog!" was several times cried out most lustily by the beaters, a few of whom got tripped up by the pigs in their impetuous rush across the cover. Elk, hog, and deer, seemed to know their safety, by remaining in this cover so long, and had we not been very strong in beaters, as well as dogs, fruitless would have been the endeavour to expel them from it. To attempt to shoot any thing within it would have been absurd, therefore the only reliance in getting sport was on the dependance of their emerging from out of one cover into another. Several times, in the full hope of getting a shot, I stood watching, with tantalizing expectation, the fine antlers of elk, moving along near the skirts of the jungle, when not another portion of their bodies was in the least visible: to shoot in such a case, upon the chance of the ball penetrating the trees, and hitting your object, I have found from experience not to succeed in one instance in twenty. As the beaters got further from us, and the dogs were working their way into the more remote parts of the jungle, we could frequently hear the tramp of beasts near to us, (though unable to see them,) stopping occasionally to listen to the distant shouts of the beaters and yelping of the dogs, then trampling on again gently, as if afraid to go forth as long as there was a chance of evading their noisy pursuers. After our patience had been put to the test for near an hour, the beaters drew near again, the clamour became louder, and in breathless anxiety we heard the crashing of the jungle repeatedly in our direction, which painly showed to us we had been fortunate in making so good a hit in taking up our position. At last, our gallant pack of all-sorts—rough and smooth-haired, long-eared and short-eared, old and young—were merrily at the heels of the elk again, which had fled this time, in vain, for shelter to our part of the cover, and were so hotly pressed now that they were unable to keep the jungle any longer. The beaters, after much laborious work, (for the elk had often charged back and broke through the line of the beaters, obliging them to do their work over and over again,) at length succeeded in hemming them in, in a corner of the jungle contiguous to our ambuscades; and being now aware that they must break cover, for the most part near to us, they all, beaters, coolies, and shikarries, gave such a shout as rung again amongst the hollows of the mountains around, upon which, as was anticipated, out bolted, helterskelter, elk, pigs, spotted deer, a fine tiger-cat, a jungle sheep or two, with other animals for all we know, for in the confusion it was impossible to distinguish or discriminate;—such a medley, to be sure! all higgledy-piggledy together, and thundering down the vale as if the Devil was after them; and so indeed he was, in the shape of half-a-dozen balls or more, which stopped the career of two elk, one spotted deer, and a hog. The spare guns were instantly taken up, and a volley fired at the discomfited fugitives, but without effect, for they had got too far before the reserve barrels could be got to the shoulder. They broke cover in number I should think about twenty or two and twenty animals in all, eleven of them elk, but going away all at once, we were prevented doing more execution than we did. The tiger-cat I should have liked to have selected as one of my victims, could I but have seen him a second time; he offered no mark when he first emerged from the jungle, as he bundled out with great precipitation and activity, cunningly concealing himself among the other animals, whose greater bulk screened him most effectually.

Half an hour or more being occupied in feeding the dogs, securing the slain, and mounting them on the shoulders of our attendants, we trudged towards the tents, from which we had wandered about three miles, wearied and lacerated ourselves, and our poor beaters thorn-torn ten times worse. Hill shooting is indeed fatiguing work, the great labour being in ascending and descending the rugged sides of the mountains, independently of the thickets, which must be penetrated, and which assail you in almost every direction. But what sportsman, in the true sense of the term, would not go through all this, when such noble game as the Elk is to be obtained for his toils. We had sent our horses home some time before, and having to walk it, did not find ourselves under canvas until after dark. Indeed, I question whether we could have brought our nags by the way we came, so steep and rugged were the defiles in the mountains;—though the breed of little Arabs are so sure-footed in general that they will descend with perfect safety places almost precipitous, and which would make a man who had not more than common strength of nerve, shudder to attempt.

On entering our tents we were agreeably surprised to find dinner, which consisted of every kind of game bird we had shot in the early part of the morning, smoking on the table. The keenness of our appetites blunted in some measure our wrath against our delinquents of servants for not having brought our beds the night before; and as we found every thing well cooked and palatable, we speedily forgot our vows of vengeance against them, and the frigid and sleepless miseries we had endured the previous night. All anger on our parts, and fear on their's, being thus dispelled, we enjoyed our dinner and "Hodgson's" not a little, and after discussing the adventures and mishaps of the day over our rummers and cheroots, we concluded this most satisfactory day with a song, and turned early into bed, with the determination of taking the field at day-break on the morrow.

New London Sporting Magazine for February.

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* I am truly sorry to say, that I have since heard that this excellent sportsman was carried off by a ——, my readers will anticipate *a tiger*, from the number he has had deal with; but no such death awaited him,—a much worse fate, I am concerned to say,—a slow and painful jungle fever carried him off, after many weeks of lingering illness. That he had lived, poor fellow, to floor twice as many tigers, ere the grim hand of death floored him, would have been my sincere wish for one I esteemed as a very good man, and the best of companions.

† Kotagherry, the second place of importance on the Neilgherry mountains, is situated fifteen miles due east from Ootacamund, and at an elevation of 6,400 feet, being about 1,500 feet less in height than the latter place. The peak of Dodabetta (from the Twoda language "Doda," great, and "betta," a mountain), which forms the apex of this huge mass of mountains, is nearly 2,400 feet higher.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Office No. 171 Broadway, Corner of Courtlandt-street.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, 1836.

Doings in the Literary World.

BRYANT has returned from Europe to his *Post*—WILLIS is expected in the course of the coming month—FAY is going abroad again soon—IRVING is meditating a new *novel*, founded on events in the life of John Jacob Astor—COOPER is in town, doing nothing—PAULDING's Life of Washington sells extensively—Dr. BIRD has another new novel ready for the press—LEGGETT is talked of as the "Loco Foco" candidate for mayor—GREENOUGH is said to be the author of the Letters in the Mirror from Florence—every page of VERPLANK's last Phi Beta Kappa Address has been magnificently illustrated by WEIR—Miss SEDGWICK, wrote and named a book "Norman Leslie," previous to the successful novel of that name. Poor *dear* FANNY KEMBLE has lost "the sole daughter of her house and heart:" she has a tragedy ready for the English stage, when she gets home—HALLECK is still "holding his peace"—DUNLAP has a new novel, called the "Water Drinker," finished—COLE is busy with his views for the English Picturesque Annual—Mrs. SIGOURNEY, Mrs. WARE, Mrs. EMERY, Mrs. ELLETT, and Miss GOULD, pay the periodicals, now-a-days, only "angel visits; few and far between"—KENNEDY, the author of "Swallow Barn," is so pestered by briefs and wealthy clients, as to find no literary leisure—GILMORE SIMMS is collecting facts for a new novel—VAN SCHAICK has *cut* the Muses of poetry, to *slash* in the mazes of politics—BROOKS, with "Norna" and "Hinda," has, like Rasselas, betaken himself to a romantic and happy valley in an Old Dominion—Mr. ADAMS finds leisure to analyze the characters of Shakspeare, in the midst of his congressional labors—HOFFMAN's magazine fills up the measure of his time, and HERBERT has left the American Monthly for a higher flight—BALL HUGHES is busy on a bust of Fay: a statue of Hamilton, we understand, will again engage his chisel—ADAMS, the best wood engraver in this country, is finishing a beautiful specimen of his art, representing the Shield of Washington—HENRY INMAN is overwhelmed with portraits at $200—NEAGLE has just finished a superb painting of Mrs. Wood: a capital likeness—SULLY has several pieces in hand for the coming exhibition in this city of the National Academy of Design, which promises well—FROTHINGHAM, TWIBILL, FLAGG, THOMPSON, and several others, are giving the finishing touch to a number of *chef d'œuvres* in their respective lines—DE ROSE has lately completed a fine miniature of Placide—the WALSH's, father and son, are pursuing the even tenor of their way—JARED SPARKS is securing materials for a new biography—SNELLING, of "Truth, a Gift for Scribblers" memory, has just commenced a "Literary Tomahawk" in Boston—FLINT is giving glorious pictures of the men and manners of the far West, in the magazines—JUDGE HALL, it is said, has a prose volume nearly ready—JOHN NEAL, for the fiftieth time, has foresworn belles lettres: after catering last year for his Galaxy readers for their good, he is now suing them, and practising law for his own.

NORTON AND GAMBATI.

A paragraph in the Evening Star some time since in relation to the musical doings at New Orleans, gave its readers to understand that in that city as well as in New York the rival trumpeters were blasting away at each other trumpet-tongued. It moreover asserted that Gambati, bearing off the laurel crown, had driven his competitor from the city. This is not the fact. Gambati was engaged for the season by Mr. RUSSELL, while Norton merely played an engagement of six nights at CALDWELL's—then starred at Mobile, and is now, (or was on the 3d of March,) in Natchez. We are authorized by Mr. NORTON to state that he will play Sig. GAMBATI's March, on the *Plain Trumpet*, better than the Signor can play it, for One Thousand Dollars against Five Hundred! And further, Mr. Norton will play the two celebrated Solos, "The Trumpet shall sound," etc. and "Let the bright Seraphim," on any *plain* Trumpet better than Sig. Gambati can upon his Valve, Key'd, or Slide Trumpet, for Two Thousand against One Thousand Dollars! Should these offers not be acceded to, Mr. Norton will stake One Thousand Dollars, that Sig. Gambati *cann ot execute them upon any Trumpet!*

This is "carrying the war into Africa" with a vengeance. Dr. TOWNSEND, of the Star, it was, who got up the original tournay between these gentlemen at Niblo's, whereby the whole community were kept alive during the Dog Days of 1834. It resulted as such things usually do, in both parties claiming the victory. The one was presented with a silver trumpet (we think,) and the other with a silver pitcher, *ordered* by their respective partizans, but generally understood to have been *paid for* by themselves. Oceans of wine were lost and won upon the occasion. Friend Niblo put a few thousand dollars in his pocket and said nothing, while the Scribes of Gotham laughed in their sleeves, and penny-a-liners "of the worst kind" surprized themselves drinking champagne that mysteriously found its way into their garrets, nobody could tell how. All was wine and wassail and "*blowing* it out straight." Every body talked about the rival trumpeters and waxed *au fait* to all the mysteries of the Valve or Slide—then they wondered how the affair was brought about—how much money Niblo would make—who put The Times and The Star up to setting them by the ears. The Times having given the first blast, and gone its death upon Norton, from the first go off, won a basket of champagne of the Star, which to this day, has not been forked up, The Star claiming Gambati as victor. By its recent paragraph The Star has at length "got its foot in it" and no mistake, for should its champion not accede to either of Norton's challenges, people may be wicked enough to say both "came out at the little end of the *horn*." If The Times will give us an order on The Star for *that* basket of Heidsick as a retaining counsel fee for their favorite, (as would be manifestly proper, we being of The *Spirit* of the Times,) why, well and good; if not, then we "wish they may get it," that's all!

JOHN GILPIN ON THE WRONG HORSE.

Penning an article for our last week's paper not very relevant to poets, nor altogether *germain* to poetic ideas, we robbed the melancholy and sensitive Cowper of the authorship of John Gilpin; and what was equally felonious, we foisted the said quaint stanzas on the philosophic Milton. Shades of the departed! how our hair stood on end, when the stupid blunder was brought home to us. For a moment, we felt obstinate, and attempted to justify—offered to bet oyster suppers all round that we were right—called for the proofs—asked what was the reason John Gilpin was not the identical story Milton dictated to his daughters—blustered somewhat—but 'twas no go. In came Figaro, bathed in a foam of sweat, with just breath enough left to shout—"Cowper, and be d—d to ye!" We told him 'twas all a joke—a mere fetch. Over came the poet of the Mirror, pallid as alabaster, with a livid expression about the lips, to demand "on what authority we had presumed to invade Parnassus, and rob an Immortal." A sporting friend called, looking rather glum about the head and shoulders, to ask us "how the devil that staid old puritan Milton could ever have reported the race of John Gilpin against time?" We found our sanctum getting too hot for us—we bolted, but had not got twenty yards up Broadway, when a professor met us, and instantly ordered his paper stopped, saying that "English literature had received a stab at our hands that it was impossible to overlook." Things seemed to be getting serious: we pushed on, and passing a knot of the *elite* at a corner, overheard the observation, "That's he—how dare he come out by daylight!" We pushed into the American Hotel, to give our courage a jog with a toss of brandy and water—when, lo! in a corner sat an indignant John Bull reading our paper aloud to a bevy of his countryman. He struck the fatal passage: not Hamlet in the ghost-scene—not Macbeth at Duncan's gory locks, could have expressed a tithe of the ineffable astonishment that pervaded every lineament and feature throughout the group. We bolted our brandy, and then bolted into the street, thanking Heaven that we had escaped a blow-up to which the plot of Guy Fawkes would have been a mere flash in the pan.

We returned to our office contrite and humble: the brandy had followed our courage, and oozed out at our palms; and in this repentant spirit we penned this our acknowledgment of the luckless slip of our memory.

BOOKMAKING BUSINESS.—During the last year, five hundred and forty-seven volumes have been printed in the United States for *the first time*, exclusive of pamphlets, periodicals and repeated editions. During the same year, thirty-one new American novels have been issued.

LOUISE JOHNSON!—What do you, who have seen her *jump* night after night at the Park or Bowery, imagine they think of her in Boston! Why, that she excels CELESTE KEPLER ELLIOTT herself! A writer in the Boston Daily Centinel makes a Miss Nancy of himself, as to wit:—

"Miss Johnson floated round the stage in her airy and graceful manner, winning new applause. We think it will be conceded, that she is the most graceful *danseuse* on the boards—we do not except Celeste. With all the lightness and ease of Celeste, she possesses a much finer figure, and more pleasing countenance; and we are confident, that if she had an opportunity to display her abilities in pantomime, we should find her not inferior to the French *artiste*."

Think of that, ye graceless varlets at the Park, who were wont to hiss down an *encore!*—who rushed out into the saloons and lobbies like mad, whenever a second time she "floated round the stage!" The *way* she floated here was astonishing! Any one who has seen a clumsy boy learning to swim, with a huge piece of cork at each shoulder to keep him afloat, may form some idea of it. "Floating," indeed!

The editors of the Philadelphia Daily Transcript have been "greatly interested in witnessing a singular phenomenon of nature—a *calf* with *two* heads." If they will look in a mirror, they may see two more!

GEN. GAINES.—We are apprehensive that this distinguished officer has placed himself in an awkward attitude before the eyes of his hitherto admiring countrymen. So far from his having finished the Seminole war, he seems to have increased the difficulties, if an injudicious advance and a forced retreat are calculated to give confidence to the savages. We have not the slightest doubt how this war will very shortly terminate, when Gen. Scott shall have fulfilled the plan of his campaign; but we cannot help considering the movement of Gen. Gaines as most unfortunate in every respect. Gaines has left Florida, and returned to the Western frontier, and Scott is gradually, though inevitably surrounding the Indians, in a manner that must result in their laying down their arms, or in their utter annihilation.

SEFTON, in Jemmy Twitcher, the other night, at the Franklin made a great laugh by an allusion to the recent *strikes* in this city. In the course of the piece he asks Harry Hammer for a shilling. "Tip us a shilling, vil ye?" says he, when Harry fobs him off with sixpence, upon which Jemmy exclaims "No you dont—I've *struck*—I takes nothing but shillings now, so 'elp me Bob!"

DEARBORN'S BYRON.—We have received the second volume of this superb edition of Byron's works. Like the first volume, it is unequalled in beauty.—This edition belongs to the *Library of Standard Literature*, but can be had separately.

This volume is illustrated by a portrait of the *Guiccioli*—a lovely looking creature.

A young girl at Boston (a foreigner), under the influence of ardent spirits, attempted to throw herself out of a third story window; but was prevented by a humane gentleman, who caught her by the clothes. Evening Star.

Is that all? We have heard afore now of "young girls under the influence of ardent spirits," that would have jumped pretty considerably, had a gentleman caught them by the clothes! The Star must be joking: this is a little too bad of you, Major, you sly old fox!

A great noise has been made in some of the penny papers lately, in relation to the alleged seduction in this city of a Miss Esther Hadlock by a Gen. Cushman, both of Vermont. If they are not better informed in the premises than we take them to be, the less the papers have to do with the matter the better. Gen. C. is no chicken; and if Miss Esther is the Caledonia County belle we take her to be, she was *rather* "unfortunate in business" some eight or ten years ago.

THE ROYAL ELOPEMENT, AND THE LAST.

Later advices from Europe inform us that one of the two Miss SMITHS spoken of in the last letter of our London Correspondent is likely to come to New-York! Won't she make a sensation? The fashionable world is all agog at so *thrilling* a piece of intelligence, and we feel confident our friends the ladies will be obliged to us for laying before them the following *on dits* of Paris and—*Albany!*

THE ROYAL ELOPEMENT—*Paris, Feb.* 13.—It is now suspected at the Tuileries, where the elopement has given much displeasure, that Prince Charles of Naples and Miss Smith have sailed for the United States. In their flight, the Prince has assumed the name of Mr. Richard O'Connor, and his fair companion that of Mrs. O'Connor. There is with him a genuine Mr. O'Connor, whose family has been since desired to quit Naples. A courier, who is also of the party, goes by the name of Mr. Archibald O'Connor. It is said that the lady S——, well known in your fashionable circles, has had a prominent share in this love affair; and that Miss Smith must have obtained a mighty sway over his Highness of Padua, if she could have prevailed on him to venture across the Atlantic. [Paris Correspondent of the London Morning Post.

The following extract from the Albany Daily Advertiser may be deemed official—1st from the fact of its editors' moving in "good society," and secondly, as they have a very spirited and clever foreign correspondent:—

The United States is becoming quite a place of resort for the distressed fashionables of the old world. Not long since Lady Langford made a flying visit to New York, for a purpose not very creditable to her ladyship. And now, Prince Charles of Capua, the brother of the King of Naples, having made a runaway match with an Irish belle of the name of Smith, has embarked with his bride at Leghorn in an American vessel, for "the home of the exile, and the asylum of the oppressed." We presume the pair will be in great demand at New York, dinner parties and soirees.

And here is yet another Elopement! We gave the bare facts two weeks since but this story is too well told by a London paper to refuse it a place in the Spirit of the Times, so here goes:—

The latest Elopement of the week.—Our columns stand a fair chance of being converted into mere records of runaway exploits and post-chaise performances. Elopements crowd upon us so fast that the printer will be out of breath before the post-boy. It will be necessary to have a journal provided for the sole and exclusive registration of these elopement matches—the editor undertaking to have gentlemen (Irish or English) always upon the premises, to run away with his fair readers upon the shortest notice, soliciting the usual indulgence. If things go on at this rate, ladies will not be so much *led*, as *driven* to the Hymeneal altar; and the consumption among the candidates for a bridal wreath, will indeed be "galloping." Every private family will require the addition of a blacksmith among its domestic functionaries, and every gentleman's estate will boast its own Gretna Green. A spot near Chesterfield was the scene of the last elopement we have heard of—it took place on Monday or Tuesday last. The parties were "a gay young fox-hunter," the son of a Captain in the army, and the only daughter of a gallant Colonel. Their flight, says the story, was discovered by a farm servant, who, on going in the morning to work, observed something white dangling from a bed-room window; this was a pair of sheets knotted together, one end secured to the iron stancheon of the window. The man made known the circumstance to the family, when it was discovered that the young lady was absent without leave. The party started at about two in the morning in a gig, and proceeded at the rate of eighteen miles an hour to Sheffield, "whence they dashed along in a chaise at a slashing rate for Gretna, where the blacksmith speedily riveted them in the bonds of Hymen." Any new elopements that may take place at a late hour will be recorded next week—we can no more stop the press, than couples hotly pursued can stop the post. By the way, it would be but courtesy on the part of the young folks to communicate to us previously their intention of eloping. "*Elopements for the Ensuing Week*," would be an interesting feature.

"A DRAGOON'S CAMPAIGN *to the Rocky Mountains*," is the title of a work now in press by Wiley & Long. About 300 pages, 12mo.

The Author's name does not appear in the title page, but we think that we know who he is, and hold ourselves in readiness for a rich treat. The Regiment of Dragoons since their enlistment have traversed over much of that vast extent of country lying between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. From what we have seen of the MSS. we can predict a ready sale for this volume. We wish the author may realize enough of profit from his work to amply compensate him for all the trials and privations incident to the campaigns that he performed.

THE MAILS.—We are constantly receiving complaints from subscribers near at hand comparatively, about the receipt of our paper. This very morning, two complaints reached us from *Baltimore*, and such is now the usual character of our correspondence.

We have only to say to our friends in *Richmond*, and all other large cities, that when they fail to get their papers, they should inquire at the Post Office if any of our subscribers received a paper from us; and if they learn that *some* did come, they may be assured that *all* came, and that no single subscriber was missed.

CAPT. MARRYATT AND MR. WILLIS.

We certainly have never read so disgraceful a criticism—if it be a criticism—as Capt. Marryatt's review of Willis's *Pencillings*. Look at the cause—look at the motive—and then observe the manner. But thank Heaven the recoil is inevitable. No civilized community can possibly countenance such vile personal calumny—such malignant inuendoes even against the parents and family of our young countryman. It makes our blood boil that any man, however gifted, or however high his rank, should charge it upon an *American* citizen as a matter of shame and disgrace, that he is not of noble lineage.

But we have not room to say half we feel of this outrageous attack against the very spirit of our institutions. Yet our readers may be gratified to see that Willis is not made of that clay that can be rode over rough shod without turning on his vindictive assailant; and we therefore insert one of his letters to Capt. Marryatt, which appears in the *London Times*, and must therefore be co-extensive in England with the article that elicited it.

[To the Editor of the London Times.] Sir—In enclosing to you the correspondence between myself and Capt. Marryatt, which appeared in The Times of Friday, the leading and most important letter was accidentally omitted. It appears from this omission in a most imperfect state, and I beg the insertion of the enclosed letter, which should have preceded the others.

Your obedient servant,
Saturday morning. N. P. WILLIS.

London, January 10, 1836.

Sir—I address this letter to you, presuming you to be the author of a paper in the January number of the Metropolitan, entitled "Mr. Willis's Pencillings by the Way."

You left London, I understood, for the Continent, about the 15th of December, while the paper referred to was in proof. My own absence from town at the time of its appearance, has added to the delay with which you received this communication.

Of that part of the paper which refers to the merits of my book, I have nothing to say. You were at liberty, as a critic, to deal with it as you pleased. You have transcended the limits of criticism, however, to make an attack on my character; and your absence compels me to represent, by my own letter, those claims for reparation which I should have entrusted to a friend, had you been in England.

Your introductory remarks upon my manners and my position in the society of my own country, I can well afford to pass over. My position there is perhaps best evinced by my associations here. I came to Europe with introductory letters from the Secretary of State at Washington to all our foreign Ministers and Consuls, and from some of the most respectable men in the United States to some of the most respectable men in England; and it is a satisfaction for me to find that Mr. Lockhart's attack in the Quarterly has had the effect of extending and rendering more intimate the friendship which those letters have procured me. He has equally served my literary reputation. I am fully sensible that I am in a great measure indebted for the favorable reception which my hasty pencillings have experienced to the obvious want of fairness in his review of them. There is a spirit of justice in the public mind, and the dishonest critic should beware of the recoil.

In the tirade which follows upon Mr. M'Lean and his *attaches* you have so obviously been the dupe of some malevolent person, that to any reader of common information your statements will refute themselves. Mr. M'Lean was minister in London, not in "Paris," and instead of 24 *attaches*, the law of the Legation in France, while I was attached to it, confined it strictly to four. The *attaches* in every instance in which I was acquainted with them, were young men of the first connexions and respectibility, and it was an appointment far from easy to obtain. As facts do not seem necessary to your argument, perhaps it is superfluous to state that I have ceased to be an *attache* for nearly two years, and that no card bearing more than my simple name was ever seen in the "halls" mentioned in my travels in England. These two or three decided errors in your statements may perhaps lead you to suspect that in other points also your informer has been more guided by malice than truth.

The next passage I shall remark upon is as follows:

"He (Mr. Willis) makes invidious, uncharitable and ill-natured remarks upon authors and their works; all of which he despatches for the benefit of the reading public of America, and at the same time that he has stabbed them behind their backs, he is requesting to be introduced them, bowing, smiling and simpering."

I simply inform you that I have never, since my arrival in England, requested an introduction to any man. I defy proof of a single instance. An idea which I had imbibed abroad, of the prejudice against Americans in England, induced me to make a resolution on this point, from which I have never departed. In the single interview which I had with yourself, I was informed by the lady who was the medium of the introduction, and who meant it, I doubt not, in all kindness, that you wished to know me. Had I been conscious of any offence towards you, I should have refused the offer. I had nearly at the same time, refused pointedly to be introduced to Mr. Lockhart, from no other reason than because I knew, from his character as a critic, that I could not long be his friend. With respect to every other person I have the honor to know, my wishes for an introduction have been anticipated by the courtesy of my friends, with the slightest instigation on my part. I make the assersion with equal pride and gratitude.

With respect to "invidious remarks upon authors," and "stabbing them behind their backs," I defy you to produce a single instance from my writings in which I have attacked the personal character of an author. In the two instances in which I have offended men of talents by descriptions of personal appearance, I have made the acknowledgement due for unintentional offence, and from every other person mentioned in my book I have received, since its publication the most gratifying assurances of kindness.

In the conclusion of your paper you have condescended to borrow calumny from an unfortunate outcast from society, who has not your honorable commission, nor any equivalent to entitle him to the responsibilities of a gentleman. The only notice I ever took of the authoress named in his doggrel (a person who had made my dress and manners the subject of an attack in a newspaper, for which she wrote) was to review her book without one word of reference to her personal character, and by the strictest laws of criticism.

Before coming to the most important point of this letter, I owe it to my character as a critic to state a fact with reference to the remark on your works which has drawn upon me the attack in the *Metropolitan*. That remark (which I confess was an unjust one, and which was omitted in the English edition) occured in a private communication to the editor of the *Mirror*, and was never intended for publication. If you will read again the concluding paragraph in which it is embodied, you will see, by the difference of the style, that it was not originally a part of the letter to which it is appended. It is one of the several items of the comparative success of works, which were among the *on dits* of London, and which were thought interesting by the editor, and carelessly appended, without break or explanation, to one of my public letters received by the same packet. It was published in America before I had ever seen you, and when, not having read ten pages of your works, I was quite incapable of an intention to criticise them.

I have now disposed of your charges of duplicity and rash criticism, I trust to your own satisfaction. These are points on which you might easily be misled, and I am content with having explained them. But there remains an insinuation which is more gratuitous, and more artfully managed, and but for which the other charges would have gone unnoticed. It is phrased as follows:

"Although we are well acquainted with the birth, parentage and history of Mr. Willis previous to his continental tour, we will pass them over in silence; and we think Mr. Willis will acknowledge that we are generous in so doing."

This is not a theme for me to enlarge upon; but I may simply state, that for my "birth and parentage" I have, it is well known, no occasion to blush. I have passed my life and devoted my best talents in honoring those who stand to me in that relation. For my "history," I have lived in the eye of the world from my boyhood, and I challenge you to produce a circumstance which dishonors me. You will readily admit that this dark insinuation must be completely proved or completely withdrawn. My literary reputation or my position in society are things I could outlive. My honesty as a critic, is a point on which the world may decide; but my own honor, and that of my family are sacred, and, while I live, no breath of calumny shall rest on either.

I trust to receive, at your earliest convenience, that explanation which you cannot but acknowledge is due to me on this point, and which is most imperatively required by my own character and the feelings of my friends.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,, N. P. WILLIS.
To CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS WATERLOO HERO.—On the 12th of February, died at Strathfieldsaye, of old age, Copenhagen, the horse which carried the Duke of Wellington so nobly on the field of Waterloo. He was foaled about the time of the battle of Copenhagen, from which he got his name, and was remarkable for gentleness and spirit united. He lost an eye some years before his death, and has not been used by the noble owner for any purpose during the last ten years. By the orders of his Grace, a salute was fired over his grave, and thus he was buried as he had lived, with military honors. This horse has long been a great attraction to strangers, who were accustomed to feed him over the rails with bread; and the Duke himself preserved an especial regard for him, which cannot be wondered at, upon considering that he bore him for sixteen hours safe through the grandest battle that has occurred in the history of the world. The late amiable Duchess was likewise particularly attached to him, and wore a bracelet made of his hair.

A jolly son of Neptune, who had just arrived in the brig ——, being asked the usual question, "Did you bring home any shells, sir?" "O yes there are bushels of them down in the forecastle." "What are you going to do with them?"—"The mate is going to throw them overboard." The man went down to look at them. "Where do they lay?" said he. "There they are," said Jack, pointing to a tremendous pile of nut shells. Salem Observer.

Sporting Intelligence.

MATCH RACES AT NATCHEZ, Miss.

SATURDAY, March 5.—Match, Two miles out, for $1,000 a side, h. f.

Mr. John G. Perry's b. m. *Betsey Rochelean*, by Arab, 4 ys. old, 97 lbs.... 1
Col. O. Claiborne's br. m. *Cassandra*, by Stockholder, 4 ys. old, 97 lbs..... 2
Time—3:56. The winner the favorite.

When brought to the post, (writes our correspondent,) Cassandra was evidently not up to the mark, having seen too much hard work of late; the Arab mare, however, was in fine condition. Cassandra had the track and at the word *go*, they both got off. Betsey soon took the lead after a smart brush, and won with something to spare, doing the 1st mile in 1:52.

MONDAY, March 7.—Match, Mile heats, $2,000 a side, h. f.

Mr. J. G. Perry's s. f. *Miss Blevins*, by Leviathan, out of Sally McGhee, 2 years old, 67 lbs..... 1 1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f., own sister to Fanny Kemble, by Bertrand, dam by Palafox, 2 years old, 67 lbs..... 2 2
Time—1st heat, 1:56;—2d heat, 1:59.

This was quite a betting race, and considering the weather and horrid state of the track, the time was excellent. Will some of our southern correspondents inform us whether (except in a match,) 2 year old colts and fillies generally carry weight, and what it is, in the Valley of the Mississippi?

Col. Bingaman's filly led off both heats in slap up style; in the first she looked so much like a winner, that $1,000 to $700 was freely offered on her for the heat. The lady, however, had the heels of her—made a dash—passed, and was never headed. The second heat was won by about three lengths, after a severe brush, in which they ran abreast for many rods as if in harness, making a very beautiful and exciting race.

CHALLENGE TO THE UNION.

COL. O. CLAIBORNE offers to run his stable of horses against any one stable in the United States, (provided it has belonged to the party accepting this banter, six months prior to that date,) over the Madisonville Race Course, Mississippi, within the ensuing six months, viz.:—

1st Day, b. f. *Susan Yandell*, by Sir Richard, Four mile heats, for....$1,000
2d Day, s. m. *Antelope*, by Stockholder, Three mile heats, for.....$1,000
3d Day, s. m. *Margery Greer*, by Stockholder, Two mile heats, for....$1,000
4th Day, br. m. *Cassandra*, by Stockholder, Mile heats, best 3 in 5 for..$1,000
5th Day, gr. c.....Single Dash for.....$1,000

The Racing fever has got into Kentucky and is fast spreading over the whole country. Here's a banter addressed

TO THE GENTLEMEN OF TENNESSEE.

I will run my mare MISLETOE, four years old, by Cherokee, dam Black Eyed Susan (by Tiger) against any horse, mare or gelding raised in Tennessee, two mile heats, agreeably to the rules of the Central Course, Md. on the 22d of September next, (day after the match of *Angora* and *Rodolph*) at Greensburg, for $1,000 aside, half forfeit, to name by the 1st of May. The forfeit to be deposited in the Greensburg Branch of the State Bank of Kentucky, by the 1st of June.

Also, I will run one of two colts, 3 years old this grass, both by Bertrand and out of the dams of Singleton and Rodolph, against one of any two colts or fillies raised in Tennessee, two mile heats, for $1,000 aside, half forfeit, on the 23d of September next, to name by the 15th of April; the weight, time, and place of deposite as in my first proposition. JUNIUS R. WARD.

Georgetown, Ky. March 15, 1836.

As both States are now in a high *fever*, the result of this, and the match between *Angora* and *Rodolph* may produce an *ague* and some pretty terrific *shakes*. No matter, who's afeard? Hit 'em agin, Tennessee! Go ahead, old Kentuck!

PEDESTRIANISM.

STANNARD, the Yankee Pedestrian, who went ten miles within the hour, last April, called at our office last week. He was not exactly in pursuit of a little exercise in a *professional* way, though able and willing to back his opinion that he could beat all creation and Uncle Sam's mail to boot, in a race on the ice between this and Albany. Some of "the fast boys," Stannard says, are pretending they can run him off his legs since he has got married. If they will deposit a cool thousand or two against as much, he would like to catch them at it. Stannard never collected subscriptions and kept school in half the States in the Union for nothing. He's a man, as Dogberry says, "having two coats, go to, and every thing handsome about him," with a very snug property and the wit to keep it. And then his wife's "as pretty a piece of flesh as anyin Messina

Stannard says, "it is *fun* to run;" said he, "I had rather run a race than eat my dinner, any time." When asked by Mr. KING, the President of the Jockey Club, at the time of his great race, how long he had been in training? he replied, "A day, just; we only have one general training a year in Connecticut!" PRIOR and PERRITT have both "challenged the world," the first to run a hundred yards, and the latter for a mile or so. If they would only make the distance *ten miles* there would be *such* "a gitting up stairs!" Who knows but all three might wake up the wrong passenger?

Rifle and Pigeon Shooting.

A very fine Rifle corps has recently been organized in this city. The dresses are very tasteful and appropriate, and when we add that the rifles are of HANNINGTON'S manufacture, anything in praise of their beauty or truth would be superfluous. A few of the members were practising at Hoboken on Monday last, and made several capital targets. One in particular, growing out of a match, is worthy of particular note. A gentleman made thirty successive shots, at rest, one hundred paces, at a silver sixpence, and rimmed it each time. He has three days more in which to complete the match, and to do it he must hit the sixpence *seventy times more in succession!*

A novel feat in pigeon shooting was last week performed by Mr. A. BASSFORD of this city. A match was made that he did not shoot seven pigeons from the trap, the usual distance, without bringing his gun to his shoulder. Mr. B. killed all his birds without a miss, holding his gun about three feet from the ground.

DEATH OF VICTORY. We regret to state that Mr. JACKSON'S valuable imported horse *Victory* was drowned on Monday last, in the dock at the Philadelphia steamboat landing. In attempting to take him across the gangway plank from the wharf to the steamboat, he shied, and fell into the water, owing doubtless to the fact that the man who had him in charge, indiscreetly threw a heavy pea-coat over his head and tied it so as effectually to blind him. As a natural consequence, the horse became restive and after he fell, the weight of the saturated coat kept his head under water and he was drowned before assistance could be extended to him. A horse, with a halter or plain bridle on may be safely led on board a boat nine times in ten, and even if he should fall into the water, with his head clear, he would be able to swim until a boat could reach him. We recollect a case three years since in which a pair of fine horses attached to a carriage, became frightened as they were standing on the wharf at the foot of Courtland street. The carriage was overturned and would have been precipitated into the dock, but that its fall was arrested by a wharf spile. However, one horse fell in and after being cut from the carriage by the crowd, swam, harness on, for at least three quarters of an hour, until finally rescued at the Albany Basin. We have no doubt Victory's death was solely owing to an infernal pea-coat and—the water.

N. B. We learn Victory was on his way to Lynchburg, Va. where he was sold for $3500, with the privilege of returning him after his season, by paying $500.

☞ A friend writes us from Washington that on making a visit last week to Capt. OLIVER'S training stable he found the President there, with the Secretary of State. All agree that the National Club Races this Spring will exceed in interest any that has preceded them. In addition to the proprietors' list of sweepstakes, we are desired to call attention to the programme of the Spring meeting on the 8th page.

The DIAMOND GROVE (Ill.) JOCKEY CLUB met on the 5th ult., when the following officers were elected:—[illegible] John Wyatt, *President*; Joseph Douglass and John T. Cassell, [illegible]; Egbert M. Mallory, *Secretary*; Wm. S. Hurst, *Treasurer*; [illegible] Col. I. R. Simms, C. B. Clark, M. Eastham, Wm. Scott, Fieldin[illegible] and C. H. Henderson, *Stewards*—to serve the ensuing year.

VICKSBURG JOCKEY CLUB.—A [illegible] has been established at Vicksburg, Miss. to which the subscription is very liberal. P. Crow, Esq. is the proprietor, and promises to show some fine sport this season.

☞ In our leading article last week we stated that *Argyle* was in training by Col. JOHNSON, near Petersburg, Va. It was an error. Instead of the Mountain's going to Mahomet, Mahomet has gone to the Mountain, or will probably before the race comes off. A gentleman from Georgia informs us that Argyle is in training at one of Col. Hampton's stables near Columbia.

A GANDER PULLING!—Attached to the programme of the Lewisville, Ohio, Spring Races, we see the announcement, that on the third day there will be "a Gander Pulling on Horseback! for a purse of $25 for every head pulled off!"

"What the d—l is a *Gander Pulling?*" the unsophisticated reader may exclaim. We will tell him. Suspended from the top of a stiff post by the legs, just so high that on horseback, a man standing in his stirrups could grasp it, hangs a luckless gander, with his head anointed with linseed oil. The horsemen then, in single file, dash past him at full gallop, and he wins the stakes who succeeds in wringing off the gander's "dome of thought." This is a favorite pastime in many sections of the South and West; and though it may afford great fun for the Georgians, "By George," it is no fun for the gander!

NEW ORLEANS RACES.—Will the Clerk of the Jackson Course be good enough to send us the *official* report of the races that commenced on the 3d March. We are already in possession of every thing in relation to them but—*the facts*.

English Sporting Varieties.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS, FEB. 21.

A reported "cough" has displaced Brother to Nell Gwynne from his position as first favorite for the Derby. The Mummy, whose advance in favour we have before noticed, filling up the vacancy. Brother to Riddlesworth was backed on Thursday for a hundred pounds; but we did not observe many anxious to get on. Brother to Bamfylde and Brother to Beiram are looking up; but none of the other favourites are so much in demand as when we last quoted the prices. Nothing fresh in the Oaks. A few engagements have been made on the Portland handicap at prices varying little from last week's quotations. Mundig, Birdlime, Rioter, and Revenge, are the only horses actually in the betting.

THE RIDDLESWORTH, P. P.

Even betting between Lord Jersey's two and the field.
100 even between Brother to Nell Gwynne and Babel Colt.

PORTLAND HANDICAP, P. P.

4 to 1 against Mundig (taken)
5 to 1 —— Birdlime
6 to 1 —— Rioter
6 to 1 against Revenge
8 to 1 —— Brother to Hope
10 to 1 —— Tiber

220 to 200 on the field, against Mundig, Rioter, and Revenge.

THE DERBY.

7 to 1 against Ld. Jersey's lot (taken)
10 to 1 —— The Mummy
11 to 1 —— Bro. to Nell Gwynne
*13 to 1 —— Brother to Maria
15 to 1 —— Bro. to Riddlesworth(t)
*20 to 1 —— Taishteer
*20 to 1 —— Babel Colt
25 to 1 against Gladiator
25 to 1 —— Weighton
*25 to 1 —— Brother to Emiliana
25 to 1 —— Brother to Bamfylde
30 to 1 —— Bro. to Beiram (taken)
*40 to 1 —— The Captain
50 to 1 —— Skirmisher (taken)

1000 even between Slane and Athenian, and 500 even btw. Alfred and Mr. Wags.

[Those marked thus * have not been mentioned since our last.]

THE OAKS.

7 to 1 against Grenada
7 to 1 —— Marmalade
8 to 1 against Promise

BETTING AT MANCHESTER—(FRIDAY MORNING).
CHESTER TRADE CUP, P. P.

6 to 1 against Usury
6 to 1 —— Jupiter
8 to 1 —— Red Rover
9 to 1 —— Stockport
10 to 1 —— The Stag
11 to 1 —— Altamont
12 to 1 —— Turban
13 to 1 against Hectic
14 to 1 —— Lady M. Carew
13 to 1 —— Tamworth
16 to 1 —— Billinge
16 to 1 —— Oswald
20 to 1 —— Tulip

FISH HUNT IN SCOTLAND.

Saturday, the 30th day of October, being the last day allowed for angling in the Tweed for salmon, the turn-out of fishers, from the boy of eight or ten to the hoary in years, from Innerliethen to Gliddiesweel, was beyond all precedent: and, although the distance is somewhere about six miles, there was scarcely a stream or pool but what was taken possession of by an angler on each side of the river. During several hours the day appeared rather favorable for angling; still the fish proved extremely capricious; consequently few fish were killed when the number of fishers were taken into account, and many of whom were of no small notoriety as anglers. Mr. Thornburn, of Juniper Bank, of whom all the world has heard of as an angler, hooked a little before sunset in the Cameknowend pool a splendid fish, which instantly took down the stream, and before Mr. Thornburn, had followed it many yards, he was compelled, from the interference of some unmannerly trees, either to abandon the fish or plunge into the river: the latter he adopted without the least hesitation, and in an instant found himself middle deep in a rough rocky stream, and in this situation was compelled to march at the rate of six miles an hour, until he reached the deep at the head of Elibank wood, when the fish made a gentle halt. Here Mr. T. expected to have diverted him into the eddy, where a fish gets much sooner exhausted than in the current; but in this he was disappointed, the fish having almost instantly set off again at speed, and on arriving at the boat-pool, it made a most *untoward* and unexpected tack, and succeeded by this manœuvre in winding the reel round the stump of an old tree. Mr. Thornburn for an instant almost despaired of securing the prize, but fortunately the fish found it convenient to rest for a few seconds in the eddy of the auld stump, when Mr. T., with the dexterity of a Maltese diver, plunged into the unfathomable deep, to extricate his line, which he had no sooner accomplished, than the salmon again set off at top speed, as if resolved that Mr. T. should become food for the sharks at Berwick, rather than allow himself to be kippered for supper. For nearly a mile, the river is hemmed in with trees on each side; and during the whole of this distance, little was seen of Mr. Thornburn above the water but his head, still most *tenaciously* following his game however. Mr. Ballantyne, of Holylee, observing from his window the awkward situation in which his neighbor was placed, moved off with hasty steps to Howgate pool, where he expected to get a chance of gaffing the fish as it passed; but the moment the salmon got a glimpse of Mr. B., he resolved to steer clear of such a *deadly* intruder, and instantly darted to the Elibank side, and onward bent its course, until it reached the round haugh, when it became somewhat exhausted, and consequently slackened its pace, which gave Mr. T. an opportunity of winding up his line, and allowing the fish to feel for the first time the elasticity and nerve of the Tweedale tinner. At this moment, the moon was beginning to peep out above the old romantic ruin of Elibank tower, and, after playing the fish for some little time, Lord Elibank and Mr. Oliphant, of Gask, made their appearance (most opportunely) on their return from a day's fishing with Colonel Rupell of Ashatеel. Lord Elibank, as a salmon-fisher, is second to none; and the dexterity exhibited by his lordship in gaffing this most ungovernable monster, which was laid on the bank at the first attempt, showed that he was *no novice* in the art.* The salmon was of the most beautiful description, perfectly new run, and when upon the scales, weighed 26lb. down weight.

* We have reason to know that this accomplished young nobleman is not only a skilful adept as an angler, but he has also made a most successful *debut* in the hunting field.—OLD SHIP.

PEDESTRIANISM.—On Monday last a match came off on Nottingham race course, for £4, between Thomas Revill, the Linton Pet, and Richard Jurton, of the same place. The distance was 100 yards, Revill giving his opponent two yards. The firing of a gun was the signal for the nimble-footed heroes to start, and, having stripped and taken their stations, considerable anxiety became apparent; Jurton's friends being sweet upon their man, believing his time to be as near Revill's as possible, and that the two yards he received would make it all right. On hearing the signal, away the heroes of the day bounded. Revill's quickness at starting enabled him to get up to Jurton in about five yards, and he kept gradually stealing away from him to the end of the race which he won by about two yards and a half. Revill's backers never lost their confidence in their favorite, and prior to the start sported 7 to 4 on him, which Jurton's friends took freely. During the race 20 to 1 was offered, but it was "no go." Thus has Revill added another wreath to the laurels he has already gained.

A foot-race for a mile took place on Friday on Manchester race course between Tom Worthington, alias "Stock" of Eccles, and Tom Poulden, of Pendle, for £20. Odds six to flee on Stock, who won the race by twelve or fourteen yards with comparative ease.

A CROW SHOOTER.—A sportsman of Balderston has sent us the following proclamation of his astonishing feat of killing seven crows and two jackdaws at one shot, which he desires us to make known to the sporting world through the medium of our columns; and for his gratification we give it verbatim et literatim:—"Whereas, Thomas Lucus, of Balderston, farmer, having killed a pig and the waste thereof being thrown upon the dunghill a quantity of crows coming to feed thereon having a gun loaded fired amongst whereby seven of them was killed with two jackdoes at one shoot. January 29th, 1836." Preston Chronicle.

COCKING.—A main of eighteen cocks was fought in the Manchester and Salford Pit on Monday and Tuesday last, for £25 a-side, between Young Woodcock and Ben Hurst, which terminated in favor of the latter.

THE LONDON FANCY.

We quote the following amusing preliminaries of a grand milling match, between ALLEN and LAZARUS for £25 a-side, from our last Bell's Life in London. The details of the fight, we intentionally omit as unsuited to the columns, and generally objectionable to the readers of the Spirit of the Times.

After a long and melancholy "recess" (to use a Parliamentary phrase) in the London Ring, this fight came off on Tuesday at Riddlesdown, Surrey, within hail of the "Rose and Crown," well known as the training quarters of some of the most celebrated of our milling heroes in ancient times, and more especially of Tom Spring. The belligerents are classed among the light weights, and were limited to 9st. 7lb., Allen weighing 9st. 2lb., and Lazarus 9st 5lb. Neither of them had been distinguished as any thing extraordinary in their "calling," although known to be scientific professors of the "art of self-defence," and noted in the sparring exhtbitions of the metropolis. Allen was once engaged with Swift, the present champion of the "little uns," but was beaten after a two hours' contest; and Lazarus had occasionally shown some sport in the "tented field," especially in his fight with Atkinson, of Notts. Allen is a personage of no small importance in the neighborhood of Saffron-hill, and Lazarus has long figured as a weekly lecturer at the Star, in Blackman-street, in the Borough, under the auspices of Dick Curtis. Curtis having won the toss for choice of ground, determined to give the "ten-toed" bipeds of the "yellow-hill" a long trot, and therefore named Blindley Heath, Surrey, about four-and-twenty miles from town, as the scene of action—a distance which, from a combination of causes, led to many disappointments, for the sympathy which prevailed between the "breeches-pockets" and dilapidated "trotter cases," of many of the humbler order of cognoscenti, forced them to shake their "knowledge boxes," and cry "no go." There were hundreds, however, who were not to be "stalled off" by difficulties even more serious, and, in consequence, long before Aurora had opened her shutters on Tuesday morning, groups of "early cocks" were seen toddling most heroically up Brixton-hill, cheered by the "glow worms" which illuminated the bowls of their fragrant yards of clay, and cracking many a significant joke as they threw their half closed ogles towards "the mill," which frowned awfully in the hazy horizon on their RIGHT, but which they wittily remarked was happily on the LEFT side of their recollection.

As the morning advanced, the appearance of "respectables" gave additional animation to the road, and "go carts" and "drags" of various denominations came on in brisk succession, all thronged with passengers, whose loud laughter and flash ditties reminded us of "days long passed." Then came vehicles of a more aristocratic cut, including carriages and pair, buggies, gigs and phaetons, with a tolerable sprinkling of equestrians. "Keep moving" was the pass-word, and all went merrily till the end of the first stage, Croydon, where there was a general "pull up," and men and horses were refreshed with due regard to the lengthened journey in contemplation. The toddlers did not deem it wise to LAG too long, and some of them having, no doubt, experienced the disadvantage of LAGGING on former occasions, pushed on with renewed vigor, but flagging spirits from the nasty fifteen miles which still "stared them in the face."

A whisper now got abroad that the BEAKS of Croydon were not insensible of the honor which was intended the country over which they had jurisdiction, and having been informed of the intended scene of action, had sent on some of their "officials," provided with warrants, to secure the combatants, when in the act of commencing hostilities. "A nod is as good as a wink" to the Fancy coves upon such an emergency, and it was therefore determined, from a sense of delicacy, to save the aforesaid officials from all unnecessary trouble, by stopping short of the intended field of battle. This judicious manœuvre was not announced till the arrival of the men, and their backers at Riddlesdown, when "a consultation of war" was held, and after due deliberation it was agreed to make a short detour to the elevated plain on the left, and there proceed to action.

The resolution once formed, it was soon carried into execution, and a simultaneous scramble took place towards the envied spot, where Jack Clarke, in the absence of the Commissary in Chief, who is at Manchester, formed a Ring with all becoming activity, which was soon surrounded by a heterogeneous assemblage of all sorts, gentle as well as simple, the latter far from being the most prominent. Many who had booked their prads for a long day, were not a little delighted at this DODGE, and as they arrived joined the increasing multitude with peculiar satisfaction, while others, who had taken "time by the forelock," and jogged on in mistaken confidence as to the prudence of their intention, "took nothing by their motion," and returned to town completely "nonsuited," having no other consolation than seeing the "Knights of the Tipstaff" outwitted, as well as themselves. Poor Scroggins was happily not included in the latter portion of adventurers.—He did not leave town till day light, in the hope that he might be INWITED to "a lift;" but, such was the want of generosity among the charioteers, that he had reached Croydon completely unsuccessful in his speculations, and from thence was plodding on at a "dog trot," when fortune threw a donkey in his way. It required little consideration in his mind to decide on the intended dispensation of Providence in thus placing this patient animal at his disposal, and with that innate shrewdness for which he has ever been characterised, he "made no more ado," but "prowiding" himself with a hedge-stake, by way of horsewhip, mounted forthwith, and placing himself in the wake of a go-cart, from which an inside passenger kindly held out a wisp of hay by way of encouragement to his Jerusalem charger, he got on at a gallant pace, till brought up by the halt we have already described. Leaving his pony to the exercise of its own instinct to find its way back, he was among the foremost in beating out the Ring, and cheering on the yokels to the duties of volunteers in the commissariat department.

All was now pleasurable anticipation, and the familiar recognition of old "Ring goers," and the generous distribution of the contents of well-lined "pocket pistols," afforded a happy prelude to the forthcoming sport. Nothing, in fact, occurred, to damp the spirits of the throng, but the "dampness" of the soil, which, to do the clerk of the weather justice, was perfectly suitable to the season, and anything but calculated for ball-room pumps or dandy-killing sandals. As with the classic spectators in times of yore, who enlivened the fields of Tyburn upon "a hanging day," there was no fun till "the heroes" arrived—a consummation which was duly accomplished within the specified period of between twelve and one o'clock. As they approached the roped arena, they were loudly cheered.—Lazarus was the first to doff his castor, and enter the lists, which he did with a smiling mug. Allen quickly joined him, and then shook hands with as much kindly feeling as may be supposed to influence gentlemen who are about to take unseemly liberties with each other's countenances. The betting was not very extensive, and in the little business that was done, Allen was the favourite at about guineas to pounds.

About one o'clock, "peeling" was completed, Lazarus sporting a yellow, and Allen a blue fogle, round their loins. Both looked exceedingly well, each having been taken great care of at their training quarters, Lazarus under the superintendence of Nat Britton, at Shepherd's Bush, and Allen under an equally good general at Finchley. Lazarus was rather shorter and thicker set than his opponent, and showed a finer display of muscle; he was also firmer on his pins than Allen, whose points, however, were in proportion to his body. The latter, being taller, was longer reached, and he had an excellent bunch of fives at the end of his arm. Dick Curtis and Jack Adams attended on Lazarus, and Stocks and an Irishman named Kelly did the amiable for Allen. Curtis won the toss for his man, and the parties having crossed fives, they commenced THE FIGHT.

After fighting twenty-nine rounds it was evident Allen stood no chance, and his seconds perceiving this, advised him not to prolong the contest. Lazarus was consequently declared victor, amid the cheers of his friends, after a contest of one hour and ten minutes' duration.

REMARKS.—This contest must be considered more as a scientific display of the art than a slashing fight. Neither of the men, with perhaps one or two exceptions, made a tremendous hit throughout the battle. There were no finishing hits, nor did the blows come well from the shoulder; it was merely tapping and stopping. As a proof of this, blood was not visible until the tenth round, and no decided knock-down blow was given by either. Their closes were too rapid, and the out-fighting defective. The in-fighting, too, was not remarkable for its punishing effects on either side. Allen was most particularly deficient in this respect—his blows scarcely ever telling with effect. The Jew, despite of the entreaties of Curtis, appeared to think of nothing else but getting his man down as soon as possible, by cross-buttocking him. Lazarus, however, was in many respects the best general. He allowed Allen to do all the work, at the same time keeping a well-directed eye upon his movements.

He could have prolonged the fight; but he did wisely in attending to the wishes of his seconds, in giving in when he had not a chance. Lazarus appeared scarcely to have a scratch about him, and on being informed that the game was up he capered about the ring like "a cat in fits."

Mr. Errington Stanley's fox hounds, or the old Quorn pack, have had two or three brilliant runs lately. On Saturday they unearthed, a short distance from Melton, a large fox, and a splendid chace commenced, which was rendered more than usually interesting by the presence of a distinguished Lady, who dashed over the hill and dale at a sporting pace. After a severe run of nearly two hours reynard's strength began to fail him, and he was ran into by that gallant pack, not a single hound wanting.

GOOD WORK.—On Monday week a gentleman for a bet, undertook to ride 120 miles in 12 hours, the ground chosen for the purpose being from the first to the sixth mile-stone on the Dee-side-road, and completed his task in 9 hours and 40 minutes, having out of that time rested himself for about half an hour. On the same day he dined with a party of friends, and afterwards danced at a ball. Bets having been taken that he would not on Tuesday perform the same feat, he accepted the offers, and on this occasion completed his distance in nine hours and a half. After finishing the labors of the day, this accomplished sportsman dined with the officers of the 79th Regiment, and afterwards visited the Circus, from whence he was to return to sup with his friends in the barracks. There were three horses engaged in the match. [Aberdeen Journal.

HENDERSON, THE ACTOR.

This person, better known in the West by the cognomen of "Old Fred," died some time since at Mobile. In the character of an old man, particularly that of the Enraged Politician, few were his equals. But it was not upon the stage alone that his ability to amuse, showed to advantage. He was a great wag, and many has been the time when his jokes and tricks upon the *green horns*, as he used to call his subjects, have caused the company to roar.

It was a favorite amusement with him, to beguile *bumpkins* (who were well stocked with the confidence and assurance, which ignorance so often gives) into the notion of becoming actors. He would tell them that their countenances were pregnant with expression and character; and that their figures, were majestic and sublime; in short, flatter them into the belief, that they were born to tread the stage. Finally, he would tell them that all they wanted was a little instruction, to enable them to appear and astonish the world, and concluded, by offering with much pretended diffidence, himself, to teach them the preliminary steps.

Having fixed upon the time, for the first lesson, all the stage company were notified, and the time appointed, concealed behind the scenes to witness the debut. The bumpkins were usually, by way of a first lesson, taught Macbeth's soliloquy: and Henderson, after making them repeat it several times, while he looked on with pretended astonishment at the ability displayed, and just as they, for the third or fourth time, pronounced the word "a poor player who struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is seen no more," he would let go the trap, and down would go our *Roscius*, with all his fancied glories, through the ghost hole, to the shades below, from whence a rapid retreat was effected through a cellar window into the street, while the theatre behind him rung with shouts of applause.

While in Cincinnati, some years ago, Henderson conceived the notion of quizzing a quack steam doctor by the name of Willis, and called upon him accordingly, and with a gravity which he could assume at pleasure, requested him to call and see his wife, and cure her, for after what he had seen of the *potency* of *steam* in cases of disease he had no doubt but he could cure her at once. The doctor bowed, and asked what her symptoms were? Why, sir, says Henderson, she has been ailing ever since I married her. At first she had the palsy, next, St. Vitas' dance, and the next complaint she had, was of a canarous nature—the next was consumption; but all these together are nothing to the last, which is lock jaw, occasioned by the bursting of an enormous tumor upon her back. Our family physician says, that she is a gone case, but her friends advise me to try the effect of lobelia and No. 6 upon her, I wish you to call immediately. The doctor declined going himself, but recommended another steam doctor in his place. Henderson concluded to go for him, but first requested Willis to weigh him out a pound of lobelia, which he said should be given to the patient at one dose, and after it a bottle of No. 6 to wash it down. The quack, thinking to sell the drugs, did as requested, when Henderson told him that he would call and settle for them as he came back with the other doctor.

Whether Henderson's head developed the organ of secretiveness largely, I know not; he certainly possessed the *faculty* in a wonderful degree. He could maintain the sanctimonious gravity of his countenance in solemn defiance of the most ludicrous scenes, and though he often caused his fellow-actors to laugh, when the scene required the opposite expression, he was never known to give way to his visible sensations, until the effect he aimed at, had been accomplished, and then he would laugh sometimes until the tears stood in his eyes. He was no foe to the god of the wine cup; and when under his influence, often carried his jokes beyond the bounds of propriety. As an instance—passing near a negro meeting, which was held in a cellar in the suburbs of Louisville, he halted for a moment, as if to form a resolution, and then, with a solemn air, deliberately walked into the middle of the assembly; the noise which but a moment before had attracted his attention, was instantly hushed, and many an onion eye was directed towards the intruder, who after a benignant smile of condescension, began to address them. His subject was intemperance, and so ably did he handle it, that the whole audience were soon intoxicated with his arguments and eloquence. He concluded his discourse, at the same time that he drew from his pocket a pint flask of real cogniac, and after taking a long pull himself, handed it to the one nearest him, and with much gravity directed him to pass it round, while he, with a long sigh and the same solemn air, slowly left the meeting.

It was not upon the ignorant alone, that he imposed. A wax figure having been made of Mr. Alexander Drake, late husband to the present justly celebrated Mrs. Drake, Old Fred took it into his head that he would try his skill at performing the part of a wax figure. He accordingly dressed himself for the occasion, and took his stand in one of the cases containing wax figures, in the Western Museum, and got a lad, who was in the plot, to invite the connoiseurs of the fine arts to come and see the new wax figure of "Old Fred Henderson in the character of Sir Francis Gripe." Matters were so arranged, that none were allowed to look at the figure more than a few minutes; this restriction was necessary in order to allow the figure to wink, which it did only once in every five minutes—its eyes being large and somewhat *watery*.

The first connoiseur was not disposed to consider the figure a good represation; and he was half right, for Old Fred had drawn his eyes into a villanous squint, showing the whites all round, and the peculiar arch in his eyebrows and contortion of his mouth and nose, rendered his appearance indescribably ludicrous, though altogether unfit for the character he purported to represent.

The next person admitted passed for an artist, and assumed the prerogatives of a critic of the first class. He instantly pronounced the figure a decided failure—"bless me, what eyes!—did you ever see such a mouth?—and then the body—like a post—and too small at that—such spindle shanks"—(here the eyebrows of the figure and lips curled a little, but it was not perceived by the critic)—"big feet"—(a slight twitch of the leg, but unperceived)—"not half as good a likeness as Drake's."

It would be useless to repeat the various remarks of visitors, upon the merits of the figure—they were generally condemnatory—none suspected the imposition, until one of them, among other objections, remarked, that the legs were plumper and far better shaped than the originals—this was past endurance, and the wax figure, to the amazement of the spectators, suddenly relaxed its features into a stare of triumphant irony, and then burst into a peal of laughter, which they could not but admit, was exceedingly like Old Fred Henderson, their criticisms to the contrary notwithstanding. Washington Mirror.

Farewell No. 2 of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, took place at the Tremont on Thursday evening, and it was as sublimely silly an affair as ever intellectual people were guilty of. It was ridiculous enough for men not under guardianship, to commit the extravagant folly of paying ten dollars a ticket in order that certain ambitious youths might immortalize themselves, by blistering their kid gloves and showering wreathes and roses on the stage, at people who sing delightfully to be sure, but will probably laugh at the folly of Boston folks, as all the itinerant foreigners have done who have filled their pockets with money here, and gone home to England, to write books, or amuse the Lords and Ladies with taking off the Yankees. The Farewell would have all been well enough, if it had not been like a spoiled beef stake, overdone. Nothing but respect for Mrs. Wood, who is a lady, and was not to blame for other people playing the fool, prevented expressions of disgust at the ridiculous scene got up by a few personal friends of the Woods for the occasion, to show themselves off. The house was brilliantly filled of course—the play was elegantly performed, and if there had not been a repetition of the paw-paw nonsense of Farewell No 1, it would have gone off properly. But at the close, Mr——— must needs jump up for the second time and throw a hoop on the stage, with roses round it. Brough put the hoop on Mrs. Wood's head, and then every one stamped and clapped and hurrahed, and waived white and dirty pocket handkerchiefs like mad. Somebody up in the garret on each side, was supplied with bushel baskets of roses, geraniums, turnip tops, cabbages, and all the *vegetables* of the season, with which they made a terrible litter all over the stage, the poor victims of this show, looking all the time as if they thought they ought to die with sensibility, but could'nt. Then the curtain dropped, and then the people thumped and hallooed, and then Mr. and Mrs. Wood came forward, and Mr. Wood made a very indifferent speech about nothing, except that after all this fuss they were coming back for Farewell No. 3! Then they went off boo-hooing, then Brough came on and talked a deal of nonsense about the family compact, the elite of Boston, a large tract of water, and coming back again for another farewell! And there the farce ended.

[Boston Daily Advocate.

In 1777, Volange was an excellent buffo at the opera—he made his first bow to the public at a fair: his splendid increase of reputation he did not bear with the calmness of a philosopher. He had been called, by way of eminence, Geannot. This important personage was once invited by the Marquis de Brancas to his hotel, with the view of entertaining his company. When he was announced, the Marquis led him to the assembled guests, and said, "Ladies—gentlemen, here is Geannot, whom I have the honor of introducing." "My Lord," interrupted the austere buffo, "I *was* Geannot, when I played at the Boulevards; but at present I am Monsieur Volange." "So be it," said the Marquis: "but as we don't choose to have any but Geannot, let *Monsieur Volange* be led out of doors."

The earlier period of John Reeve's engagement was not so prosperous, nor was his acting so much admired, as his friends had anticipated. Recent accounts, however, and intelligence which we have ourselves received from private and authentic sources, prove that the tide has turned, and that "immortal John" is now as great a favorite with the Yankees as with the Londoners. [London Age.

REEVE'S BE-REAVE-MENT.

With "sport that wrinkled care derides,"
Reeve's off to split the Yankees' sides.
But wherefore roam? Is it for money
You quit our shores, say, Momus Johnny?
And whilst consign'd to gloom you leave us,
Of mirth and humour thus be-Reeve us! [London Satirist.

Mr. Power, they say, is to have £30 per night, for playing *Teddy the Tiler*—for all his characters may be said to merge in that: he is *Teddy* in them all. Modesty, we believe, is not one of Mr. Power's failings; but we should have thought that it would have required even more than this "jontleman's" assurance to demand so extravagant a salary. [Ibid.

Miscellanies.

HURRAH! HURRAH! FOR LAUGHING LOVE.

Air—"*Nae luck about the house.*"

Hurrah! hurrah! for laughing love,
"A fig" for those who sigh—
Hurrah! hurrah! for the bounding heart
And the bright and sparkling eye!
There's care enough to darken still
Life's path where'er we roam;
Tho' melancholy brood not o'er
The festive board at home.
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

The stately form—the haughty brow,
And the cold majestic air,
May awe the slaves who worship them—
The pomp they cannot share.
But the smile that parts the rosy lips,
And the look of artless glee,
That speaks the warm and cheerful heart,
O, that's the love for me!
Hurrah! hurrah! for laughing love,
"A fig" for those who sigh;
Hurrah! hurrah! for the bounding heart,
And the bright and sparkling eye!

CHAPLAINS.

One of our midshipmen at Lisbon being a little top-heavy going off to his ship, encountered the Chaplain of the English flag ship whom he tumbled into the river, and he was rescued after a dangerous effort. The midshipman offered to give him satisfaction, but when he learnt it was a clergyman he redoubled the offence by stating that there were two Chaplains aboard his ship, and that the reverend gentleman might take his choice for a meeting. We do not know how it is with Naval Chaplains at the present time, but formerly there was not much fanaticism about them. Being once a prisoner of war on board an English seventy-four in the Downs, we were particularly pleased with the agreeable manners and general intelligence of the Chaplain. "How is it," said we, "that your men are always so orderly at prayers." "Discipline sir, and system—when they first left port, a more unruly disrespectful set of fellows never handled sails—when mustered for prayers on Sunday neat and clean enough to be sure. I never could fix their attention, and they had an abominable trick during the most solemn part of the prayers, of putting their finger in their cheeks, and popping like the drawing of a champaigne cork. I tried every method by nods, winks, severe looks, &c., to stop this practice, but without effect. At last one Sunday, a tall foretop man near me, amused himself as usual, when being very vexed and thrown off my guard, I closed the book, saying, "Come, d—n your eyes, no more of that." This was a language they perfectly understoood, since which, no crew is more orderly."

"But you have an easy time, my dear sir!" "O yes, not much to do—I take the head of the table, prepare the punch, mix the sallad, and pepper the devils."

In England, Chaplains with good livings, enjoy a fox hunt or a steeple chase—can wing a woodcock or start a hare with any squire; the poor curate does their clerical duties. In this country they set a better example generally.

[N. Y. Evening Star.

Village Church-goers.—A woman in humble life was asked one day on the way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon:—"Wud I hae the presumption?" was her simple and contented answer. The quality of the discourse signified nothing to her; she had done her duty as well as she could in hearing it; and she went to her house justified, rather than some of those who had attended to it critically; or who had turned to the text in their Bibles, when it was given out. "Well, Master Jackson," said his Minister, walking homeward after service, with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant; "well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week; and you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church!" "Aye, Sir," replied Jackson, "it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week; and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing."

A Humane Suggestion.—A New York daily paper says:—"As soon as the weather grows colder, so as to make such an operation pleasant, we trust some respecter of morals will call *a meeting, to take into consideration the propriety of tarring and feathering the Rev. J. R. M'Dowell.* We know not whether the clergy in the United States are suffering under distressful circumstances, but with reference to some of the poor parsons in Ireland, who are placed in a deplorable state of destitution, owing to the non-payment of tithes, notwithstanding their achievements at Rathcormac, and other blood-stained fields of apostolical glory, to obtain by the bayonet a remuneration for their exposition of the Bible, we think the recommendation would be quite *Pat* to the purpose (barring the tarring), as the exemplary divines in their present pennyless condition have not "a *feather* to fly with!" [London Satirist.

The arrival of "Cleopatra's needle" has excited quite a sensation among the knights of the thimble, who, we understand, have flocked in great numbers to obtain a glimpse of so wonderful a curiosity. Baron Stultz and a large party of snips went to see it a few days since, and expressed the utmost astonishment at its enormous dimensions. It is but justice to the worthy tailors, to state that they one and all expressed their disbelief that Cleopatra ever used so ponderous an article in the way of trade or otherwise. They regard it nevertheless with interest as a striking proof of the antiquity of their art. [Ib.

Hair Oil.—"Nature," observed a first-rate ornamenter of the hair, quickly rubbing his hands, in order to dissolve a knob of bear's grease which he held between them—"she defies the powers of man to set her laws aside; and rest assured, this grease, which has manured and matured the hair on the bear's back, will perform the same office on your head." "He's right, sir—he's, right—quite right, I assure you," said a wag then standing by, "for I well know a friend who was quite bald, and in mistake was sold a pot of goose-grease. This he applied, and in a little time his head was covered o'er and o'er—ay, every bit of it—with *feathers!*"

Nose Punishment.—At St. Jean d'Arc (says Mr. Rae Wilson, in his Travels in Palestine), I found two-thirds of the inhabitants without noses, which had been struck off by Djezzar Pacha! Besides which, his Minister having given him offence, was informed, as a concession, that his head should not fall from his shoulders, as he was a man of talent, and the Pacha had occasion for his services; but he would only make him a "marked man," by depriving him of his nose! The executioner being called in, and desired to do his duty, feeling for this high officer, only sliced with his knife a part of the condemned member. The enraged Pacha seized the instrument, and actually cut off at a blow the whole of the executioner's nose, for not obeying his peremptory commands.

The Octogenarian Bridegroom.—Lord Carrington's recent marriage with the widow Trevylian has been for some time the gossip of Bath. One says that "emulating *Old Coke*, he is determined in his 84th year to show that he is not also *burnt out.*" The Master of the Ceremonies remarks "that his Lordship puts him in mind of Mount Ætna—his venerable locks illustrate the snow on the summit of the volcano, while his amourous propensities exhibit the raging fire within." At all events his Lordship is like *Macbeath*, "a bold man," to venture into the war of wedlock as an octogenarian. Whether he has the means and appliances of *carring-'t-on* time will show.

M. Bernet, an engineer at Lyons, has invented a machine he calls a *Balayeuse*, by which, with the employment of only one horse, the mud in the streets, squares, and highways, is collected and thrown into a cart with extraordinary regularity, giving 100 strokes, on a surface of about six yards square, and thus doing the work of 200 scavengers in the same time.

The following amusing circumstance occurred a few days since with a person who was visiting a family in the neighborhood. "What is the future state?" said a clergyman to a sprightly little girl. "Illinois." "No, no," said the preacher. "I mean what is the future condition of men and women?" "Why," replied the little girl, hesitating, "I suppose they are to be married."

Cordova's despatch of the recent action between his troops and the Carlists speaks of the "brilliant charge" made by the British Auxiliary Legion. That of the Generalissimo of the King's forces states that "the English could not fight because they were all so intoxicated with brandy." The inference of "a charge of spirit" would hold good both ways.

Military Anecdote.—Frederick II. wrote one day to General Salmon, commander at Cleves:—"My dear Salmon, if the Austrians come into my territories, tell them they have mistaken their way: if they begin to argue, make them prisoners; and if they make any resistance, cut them to pieces.

Yours, Frederick."

"That portrait is the image of you," said Mr. J. H. H. * * * * the other day to his friend, lawyer S * * * * * *, who had been sitting to the Polish artist lately arrived in N. Orleans; "yes," continued he, "it does every thing but speak"—"Nay, nay," said Mr. C * * * * *, who was standing by, "that is its greatest merit.

Lady Blessington's last con, which bothered Mrs. Norton all one Wednesday:—When is a bonnet, my dear, not a bonnet? When it *becomes a lady.* Oh dear!

"Pray were you at the Grand Celtic Ball at Edinburgh last week?" asked a fashionable fair of a newly-arrived Caledonian M.P. "No! (was the would-be punster's reply) but I hear it was a very 'sell-tick'-et affair indeed!"

DEER HUNTING IN NEW-YORK.

A deer Hunt! the reader has had fifty described to him! and though he may never have brought down his buck, he has himself, perhaps, been a dozen times on a "station," in the swamps of Long Island or Carolina; or tried the "still hunting" of the White Mountains or the Alleghanies. What new feature of the chase then have we to offer him? None; but if he be a true lover of woodcraft, none does he require provided our picture be true. And yet there is one thing about deer hunting at the sources of the Hudson which gives some novelty to its details: it is, that from the nature of the country, three distinct modes of taking the quarry, as pursued in other districts, are here all combined in one chase. We attempted, in the January No. of the American Monthly, to sketch the peculiar features of this region, and, briefly as they were touched upon, we will take it for granted that the reader has mapped in his mind's eye a broken region of mountain and forest, with a stream in every glen and a lake in every valley.

The October dawn broke brilliantly upon Sacondaga Lake. The morning did not slowly awake with a yellow light that gradually warmed into the flush of day; but, ruddy and abrupt, the bold streaks shot from behind the mountains high into the heavens, spreading themselves on their path like the fires of the Aurora Borealis, and dying the lake, in which they were reflected, with hues as vivid as those of the autumnal forests that walled its waters. We had left our camp, however, long before the stars grew dim.

The hunt was divided into three parties, each with different duties assigned to them by one who took the direction.

The first, who were the drivers, had the hounds in charge; they were to take three different routes, and slip their leashes, after a certain time had elapsed, wherever they might find themselves. They had light guns, and from knowing every creek and swamp in the country, could follow the dogs to advantage, even when on a fresh track. The second party, who were all armed with long rifles, were to go on the stations; these were old foresters, who knew every run-away for miles about, and each of whom might be relied upon as staunch at his post should the chase last for hours. The third party took the skiffs and canoes; a number of the latter being easily shifted to the adjacent waters, so that every lake within a mile of our rendezvous had two or more boats upon it. Lastly, upon a hill overlooking the cluster of lakes, was placed a keen-eyed lad, furnished with a horn, whose duty it was to blow a signal the moment he saw the deer take the water.

My friend and myself were attached to the boat party; a skiff with light sculls fell to my lot alone, but my companion, more fortunate, was assigned to a bark canoe with one of the Indians. These arrangements having been made the night before, were put in action in a very few moments. The strand seemed alive with figures, for a minute only, as we emerged from the thicket wherein our wigwam was secreted, and then, while some plunged into the forest, and others glided in their gray shallops around the dusky headlands, the scene of our last night's orgies became as silent as if nothing but the chirp of the squirrel or the scream of the jay had ever awakened its echoes. So still indeed was it at that early hour in the morning, when the birds had hardly begun to rouse themselves, that I was almost startled by the click of my oars in the rowlocks as they broke the glassy surface of the lake, while I pulled with an easy stroke for a little islet, which I had ample leisure to gain before the dogs would be let slip. Here the drooping boughs of a tall hemlock—which seemed to flourish not less luxuriantly because the towering stem above them was scathed and blasted, screened my boat from view as I ran her under the rocky bank. Having deposited my gun in the bow, with the breech still so near me that I could reach it from mid-ships in so small a craft, I arranged the wooden halter with the pole at my feet and the noose hanging over the stern; so that I was prepared for action in any way it might offer itself. This halter is nothing more nor less than a forked sapling, with a noose of rope or grape vine at the end, to throw over a wounded deer's horns when your shot does not stop his swimming. If unskilfully managed, the animal is likely to upset your boat in the effort to take him thus; but there are men upon these lakes so adroit in the use of this rude weapon, that they prefer it to fire-arms when a hunting knife is at hand to give the game the coup de grace.

There is nothing in the world like being a few hours on a hunting station, with every sense upon the alert, to familiarize one with the innumerable sounds and noises that steal up in such "creeping murmurs" from the stillest forest. A man may walk the woods for years and be conscious only of the call of birds or the cry of some of the larger animals, as making themselves heard above the rustling of his own footsteps. But watching thus for your quarry, in a country abounding in game, and when it may steal upon you at any moment, interest approaches almost to anxiety; and intense eagerness for sport makes the hearing as nice as when Fear itself lends its unhappy instinct to the senses. Myriads of unseen insects appear to be grating their wings beneath the bark of every tree around you, and the "piled leaves," too dump to rustle in the breeze, give out a sound as if a hundred rills were creeping beneath their plaited matting. It is, in fact, no exaggeration to say that the first bay of a hound at such a moment breaks almost like thunder upon the ear. So, at least, did it come now upon mine, as a long deep-mouthed yell was pealed from a valley opposite and echoed back from hill to hill around me. The sharp crack of a rifle followed, and then cry after cry, as some fresh dog opened, the stirring chorus came swelling on the breeze. Each second I expected to hear the signal horn, or see the chase emerging from the forest wherever the intended shore indicated the mouth of a brook along its margin. Not a bush, however, moved near the water, the mountains were alive around, but the lake was as untroubled as ever, save when a flock of ducks feeding near me flapped their wings once or twice at the first outcry, and then resumed their unmolested employment. The sudden burst had died away in the distance, the chase had probably been turned by the single piece that was discharged; and now, leading over the farther hills, its sounds became fainter and fainter, until, at last, they died away entirely.

An hour elapsed, and, damp, chilly, and somewhat dispirited, I still maintained my motionless position. A slight breeze had arisen upon the lake, and the little waves rippling against my boat made a monotonous flapping sound that almost lulled me asleep. I was, indeed, I believe, fairly verging upon a most inglorious nap upon my post, when a sharp eager yell started me from my doze and made me seize my oars in a moment. It came from a broad deep bay locked in by two headlands on my right. The farther side of the bay was a marsh, and there, bounding through the tall sedge, I beheld a noble buck, with a single hound about a gunshot behind him. Strangely enough, he seemed to have no disposition to take to the water, but leaping with prodigious strides over the long grass, he kept the margin for a few moments, and then struck into a tamarac swamp that fringed the opening. It was but an instant that he was lost, however; a simultaneous cry from half a dozen hounds told that he was turned in that direction. He appeared again upon a rocky ledge where some lofty pines, with no underwood, were the only cover to screen him. But now his route carried him unavoidably out of the line of my station. I knew that there were those beyond who would care for him, but in the vexation of my heart at losing my own shot, I could hardly help cursing the poor animal as I saw him hurry to destruction. The height of the cliffs seemed alone to prevent him from taking the water; and I could almost fancy that he looked hurriedly around, while bounding from crag to crag, for a spot where he might best make his plunge. The dogs were now silent—they had not yet issued from the covert—but the moment they emerged from the woods and caught sight of the game, they opened with a yell which made the deer spring from the high bank as if he were leaping from the very jaws of his pursuers. Now come my first moment of action; I might even yet, I thought, be not too late; I seized my oars, and the tough ash quivered in my hands as I sent the skiff flying over the water.

The buck was swimming from me, but he had a broad bay to cross before gaining the opposite side of the lake. In this bay, and between me and his direct track, was a wooded islet, and by taking an oblique direction I tried, as well as possible, to keep it between myself and the hard-pressed animal, in order that, not seeing me, he might still keep on the same course. I must have been nearly abreast of the islet. The route of the deer was only a few hundred yards in advance, and directly at right angles to that which I was steering—I might yet cut him off from the opposite shore—the dogs would prevent him returning from that he had left, and I could certainly overtake him should he attempt to make for the bottom of the bay, which was still distant. The moisture started thick upon my brow from exertion, and the knees of my frail shallop cracked as I impelled her through the water.

But there were other players in the game besides myself—cooler, more experienced, equally alert, and better situated for winning. The canoe, in which was my friend with the Indian, was concealed on the opposite side of the islet, and having watched the whole progress of the chase, waited only for the buck to come in a line with it before launching in a pursuit sure to be successful. The moment for striking arrived just as I passed the islet, and then, swift as a falcon on the stoop, the arrowy barque shot from its covert and darted across the water. The effect was more like a vision than any scene I can recall. My friend was nearly concealed from view as he lay on his breast, with his piece levelled directly over the prow of the canoe waiting for the Indian to give the word to fire; but the person of the latter was fully exposed and with the most striking effect, as he stood erect in the stern, stripped to the waist, and with every muscle in his swarthy frame brought into action as he plyed his flashing paddle. His long hair streamed on the wind, and with the piercing eyes and features strained with eager and intense excitement, gave an almost unearthly aspect to his countenance. The dogged and listless look which characterized him a few hours before, seemed to have been thrown off with the tattered garb that disguised without covering his person; and the keen-eyed, clean-limbed hunter now revealed to view, bore no resemblance to the sullen and shabby vagrant of yesterday than does a thoroughbred and mettlesome racer, spurning the green turf with glowing hoof, to the ricketty and broken-down hackney that steals through the dirty suburbs of a city. The ludicrous cries, however, that broke from him at every moment, afforded a most whimsical contrast to his picturesque appearance. "Yarh! whiteman"—"San' Marie! no fire"—"Howh! diable Poagun"*—"Dame de Lorette! Corlaert be

* Poagun, Timewawgun, "Pipe," was a name he had given my friend.
† New-Yorker.

ready—Sacre—Weenue!" and a dozen other epithets and exclamations, catholic and heathen, Indian, English and Canadian, burst in a torrent from his lips. Suddenly, however, discovering he had gained sufficiently upon the buck, he stopped paddling, and, in good calm English, gave his directions to his companion as coolly as if now certain of the prize.

The other then covered the deer's head with his rifle as he swam directly from him, but still waited for the proper moment. It came just as the buck touched the ground with his fore-feet; a projecting rock received him, and he reared his antlers high above the water, while his hinder parts were yet submerged, in making good his landing. "Fire!" cried the hunter; and at that instant the ball struck him in the spine, a few inches behind the ears. The animal bent forward beneath the blow, and then endeavoring to raise his head, he toppled over backwards, and slipped off the rock into the lake, an unresisting carcase.

My skiff shot alongside the canoe at that instant; but though within hearing of all that passed, I was, of course, too late for a shot. The buck, which proved a noble fellow, was soon lifted into the boat, while together we pulled leisurely for our rendezvous on the opposite side of the lake. There the different members of the hunt came gradually dropping in, one after another. A yearling, with its horns yet in the velvet, and a doe in tolerable condition, were the only other spoils of the chase. All allowed, however, that it was long since so fine a buck had been taken upon the lake; and those who had not a shot seemed to enjoy the venison steaks that were soon broiling full as much as the others.

The rest of the day was passed in cleaning our guns, repairing the canoes, and making our camp comfortable for the ensuing night. The close of evening found us seated around the fire discussing the day's sport, while the other hunters enlightened those less versed in wood-craft with the detail of various feats and adventures of which, in by-gone days, the forests around us had been the scene, and themselves the heroes. Moose, panther, and bear-hunting, were their favorite themes; and I took an opportunity, when the latter was mentioned, to ask the old Indian, who was the most intelligent of the party, if any grizzly bears had ever been found in this region, as some naturalists have asserted. His reply indicated that there was a tradition of that ferocious animal being known to his ancestors, by whom its race is said to have been extirpated. The information, however, was so mixed up with what was evidently fable, that it was impossible to tell how much of his account was true; and not the least extravagant portion of it was embodied in a story, the strange issue of which I can now, I fear, but feebly recall. [American Monthly Magazine for April.

SCENE IN A HORSE MARKET.

"That 'ere critter's the thing. I tell ye—I can gin her pedigree from A to Izzard, in no time. She comed out o' Catamount, folded by Tuscarora, what comed out of a bay Janus, sired by Thunder-bolt, the half brother to Wizzard, what rin the sweepstakes agin the celebrated Walk-in-the-water, sired by Earthquake out of the imported filly Sally Stark, sister of the Duke of York's Meteor, half brother to Monster."

"Well, how much is bid for this beautiful mare? Who'll start her at five hundred?"

"How old is she, mister?"

"You must ascertain that by your skill."

"I wants to know if she'll go in gear,—cause I totes oysters along the streets, and should like to have a good quiet critter what won't run away."

"She is the very thing for you—gentle as a sucking dove—there's no run in her—she goes in gear like perfection itself."

"But the man said just now that she was blooded."

"So she is—when she's a mind to be. Come sir, –start her at $200."

"I dont want her; if I could meet with a good saddle-horse, I might purchase."

"Don't go any further, sir—she's the finest creature in the world under a saddle—walks like a thing of air—bows her neck as gracefully as a swan, and paws the earth like the noted Bucepholis of the conqueror of the world. Give us a hundred for her, sir!"

"Mister do you think that 'ere mare will do to work in a mud-machine?"

"She's just the thing, sir—she's been going the *rounds* for some time, and has been brought up to the profession. We'll warrant her capable. Suppose you start her at fifty?"

"Thank you sir—once—twice—three times—gone! She's your property, sir—a splendid bargain. Baltimore Visiter.

A Bear Story.

Some of our wide-awake citizens, at the landing and along-shore one day last week observed, as they believed, a detachment of bears traversing the ice opposite this village, and making evident progress towards the eastern shore. The stranger animals landed near Bishop's Rock, a few miles south of this village, and entered the forest thereabouts. The fact of their presence in this neighborhood soon spread, and in a very short time many sportsmen were out in pursuit with guns and dogs. Their efforts to find the stray mountaineers were unavailing until Saturday last, when one of them was discovered and shot by Mr. William News, near the Wire Factory, on the Croton River, about six miles from this village. The deceased bear, it is said, would weigh from 70 to 80 pounds, and afforded a rare dinner to some epicureans in that quarter, whose taste and appetite were, it may be, of the aboriginal kind. It was a fine black bear, and was regarded as an extraordinary trophy for a Westchester marksman.

It has also been related to us, that another one of the bear party was seen by an unarmed individual near the Quaker Bridge, supposed to be the mother of the two others; who, at seeing a man, instantly reared upon her hind-legs, and gave indications of a disposition to *embrace* him; but the beholder, less inclined to hug the grizzly mistress of the mountain, most ungallantly and hastily retreated from the encounter. She is said to have appeared, while in that erect posture, to be nearly the height of a man.

It is deemed probable that these bears have strayed from the extensive region of the woods upon the mountains in and about the County of Rockland; and had had been induced to leave their retreats from the unusual length and severity of the winter. It is only a few weeks since one of those tenants of the woods crossed the Hudson at Peekskill, and effected a secure retreat in the fastnesses of St. Anthony's Nose, in Putnam County.

There are remaining, if the above statement be correct, at least two bears in the vicinity of Croton, which will afford to our keen-eyed marksmen a further opportunity to emulate the primitive archery of the original possessors of that romantic region. [Westchester Herald.

PLEASANT SPORT.—Izaak Walton, if he were alive now, would make a voyage across the Atlantic simply to enjoy the delight of angling at New Orleans; else were he no true brother of the rod and line. Such sport as the waters yield in that quarter, is not to be fished out of every river. One of the latest New-Orleans papers tells us how the cook of a certain Colonel White betook himself lately, to the bank of the Mississippi, intending to compass a mess of fish for breakfast; he cast his net, and proceeding to draw it in, (it was a seine by the way), found so much resistance, that he anticipated nothing less than a boat load. With hard tugging and many a grunt, he and his assistant at length drew it to land, when lo! there lay disclosed a monstrous alligator, fifteen feet long, with his jaws wide stretched, in readiness to devour them!

It was not such a bad haul, in the end, for "the doctor," having succeeded in killing the scaly gentleman, found in his maw a half-dozen canvass-back ducks, and a brace of the largest red fish—recently swallowed, and none the worse for their temporary inhumation. [N. Y. Commmercial Adv.

CANINE FANCY.—On Tuesday afternoon, there was a strong muster of the canine fancy to witness the match for twenty pounds between the fallow pied dog Boxer, the property of a gentleman, and the red dog Trusty, belonging to a sporting publican in the vicinity of Blackman-street, Borough. The dogs on going to scale were not to exceed 32lbs. On entering the pit, the red dog appeared exceedingly anxious to commence the contest, and was with difficulty restrained while the parties were adjusting the necessary preliminaries. Boxer was as quiet as a lamb in the arms of his owner, and allowed his opponent to have all the barking part of the business to himself. The betting was about six to four in favour of Boxer, of whom great care had evidently been taken. On being let loose from their respective corners, both dogs went to work in gallant style, and fifteen minutes elapsed before the seconds had an opportunity of conveying them to the corner. Both were much distressed, but no particular harm had been done on either side. Time having been called, Trusty was let loose, and immediately made the best of his way to the opposite corner. In a few seconds, he caught Boxer by the throat, but the latter shook him off, and in turn got the other in the same place. Trusty then waffled away at Boxer's lug, and they both laid panting on the floor the worse for exertion. On being roused from their lethargy, a severe struggle ensued before they parted. It was now Boxer's turn to go in, and he obeyed the word of his master to the letter. He evidently had the best of the bout, the barking of the red dog being now entirely taken out of him, and his tail showing decided symptoms that he had had quite enough of it. In placing them at the corner for the fourth time, it was Trusty's turn to commence operations; but it was "no go:" he proceeded open-mouthed, with a dangling tongue, about half way across the pit, looked Boxer in the face, and then turned and waddled back to the corner. Boxer was then declared the winner. The contest lasted rather more than half an hour. [Bell's Life in London.

A WHITE QUAIL.—This phenomenon in the sporting world has been seen in one of a flock at Bainsborough, N. J. Such is the famished state of the quails this winter, that they have been caught with great ease and sold in that vicinity for 18 3-4 cents a pair. Mr. Willis, a very humane sportsman, who has purchased a hundred, intends giving them their liberty as soon as the snow is gone.

A MAN OF BUSINESS.—A gentleman was in treaty with a London horse-dealer for the purchase of a mare, but could not agree by £10. Next morning, however, making up his mind to offer to split the difference, he posted off to the stable-yard, where the first person he met was the groom. "Master up, Joe!" said he. "No, master be dead," said Joe; "but he left word for you to have the mare."

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES FOR SALE.

THE following thorough-bred horses, belonging to the estate of the late BELA BADGER, of of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, are offered for sale, viz:—

JOHN RICHARDS, VALENTINE (imported,)
FLYING DUTCHMAN, CHIFNEY,
PRIAM.

The four first-named horses are at General John Faulkner, Gerrard county, Kentucky.—*Priam* is in Preble county, Ohio.

The terms of payment (good security being given) will be made easy to purchasers.

Proposals, if directed to Samuel Badger, Executor to the estate, Philadelphia, or to Joseph H. Hellings, care of General Faulkner, Lancaster, Gerrard county, Kentucky, will meet with prompt attention. feb 13-6w

FILLY FOR SALE.

A BEAUTIFUL FILLY, full sister to James Cropper, (one of the most celebrated horses in Virginia,) two years old the ensuing Spring, of fine size, and good racing form, will be sold for $1,000. Apply to Dr. JOHN MINGE, Richmond, Va. mar19

TO THE SOUTH AND WEST.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE the Horse CONSTELLATION, bred by Charles H. Hall, Esq., of Harlaem, the breeder of Eclipse Light Foot, Shark, Bay Maria, and a host of other fine horses.

Constellation was sired by American Eclipse, his dam Olivia, bred by Mr. Dandridge of Virginia, her sire Admiral Nelson (imported), out of Spot, by Bedford, g. dam by Cade, great g. dam by Alfred, great great great g. dam by Crab.

Admiral Nelson was by John Bull, dam Olivia, by Justice. Justice was by King Herod—he by Snap. John Bull was by Fortitude, out of Xantippe: Xantippe by Eclipse—English Eclipse. Fortitude was got by King Herod out of a Snap Mare, sister to Omnius the dam of Cade.

The Pedigree of Olivia [the dam of Constellation] shows her blood equal to any in England or the U. States. If proof is required respecting this, I can produce letters signed by Theo. Field of Waqua, and Wade Mosby Jr. of Curles, Va. Of the sire, Eclipse, nothing need be said. Constellation inherits the color of his sire, a beautiful sorrel—without any white—he stands full 16 1-4 hands—and is in every particular a desirable horse for the South or West.

In the North our stock runs so much on Eclipse blood, that a change by way of cross is desirable. To close, "Constellation" will be sold a bargain, but if no application be made before the 1st of May, I will sell him under the hammer on the first Monday of that month, at Tattersall's, Broadway. Letters post-paid, will find me directed CHARLES GREEN.
mar 12 New-York.

TO OWNERS OF HORSES.

IT IS A FACT PERFECTLY ESTABLISHED, by repeated trials, that the WORM and CONDITION POWDERS of James John Waldegrave, Veterinary Surgeon to the late Emperor Napoleon, are an unfailing and complete remedy for Botts and all descriptions of Worms that Horses are liable to. Several remarkable cures have been effected in this city of diseased horses, as certificates from their owners, attached to each package of Powders will testify. Each package is accompanied by a succinct and valuable Treatise on the Diseases of the Horse, with directions for use in all cases. Breeders and Trainers will find these Powders almost invaluable in their stables, from their efficacy in all desperate cases, and also in getting horses into fine condition. Their effect is to thoroughly renovate the system, and to give the horse a fresh healthy appearance, and a smooth glossy skin. These powders only require to be known to be as universally adopted here as in Europe. Price, $1 50 per package, and may be had at wholesale or retail of PATRICK DICKIE,
mar. 19. 413 Broadway, corner of Lispenard-street, General Agent for New York.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully tenders his thanks to the patrons of his *Veterinary Establishment*, for their past and kind favors, and feels extreme pleasure as well as gratitude thus publicly to acknowledge it. It is seldom that he uses the advertising columns of a public journal as a means of applying to the Public for patronage and support, which is ostentatiously practised by many of the present day. But at the suggestion of his friends, that those who do not know him may have the opportunity of doing so, he takes the advantage of the present occasion to inform them, that his INFIRMARY, No. 36 *City Hall Place*, N. Y., is always open for the reception and cure of diseased horses, where every attention which it is in his power to bestow, will be cheerfully and assiduously given. It would be unnecessary and vain, if after more than 15 years practice in the United States, and several previous years experience as a Veterinary Surgeon in England, he would say aught in favor of his professional ability. To that portion of the public whom he has had the gratification of serving in that capacity, he appeals to for character and capability in the line of his profession. To those who may do him the favor of calling upon him in the above line, he will be particular in bestowing every attendance and care. Attached to his Infirmary is an extensive Shoeing Establishment, where horses will be carefully shod, on the most regular and approved principles, and under his own immediate superintendance.

R. H. BUDD,
Veterinary Surgeon, 36 City Hall Place.

N.B. To be had at the above Establishment, New-York, a Practical Treatise on the "Diseases of the foot of the Horse," by R. H. BUDD, Veterinary Surgeon, N. Y. feb 20-1y

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

New Music, Musical Instruments, and Musical Merchandise,

JUST RECEIVED from Europe, and for sale at *ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON*, sign of the *Golden Lyre*.—Just received from agents in London and Paris, a very valuable assortment of New Music and Musical Instruments, which, together with an extensive stock on hand, embraces as large an assortment of *Music, Musical Instruments*, and *Musical Merchandise*, as can be found in any establishment in the United States.

Among the Music from London, are the last compositions of eminent masters, arranged for one flute—one and two flutes—flute and piano forte—two flutes and piano forte—entire Operas for the flute—selections from Rossini's Operas for two flutes—Trio's for three flutes, &c.

Among the musical instruments are the much admired ACCORDIONS of various sizes, Spanish GUITARS of every style and pattern, varying in price from $6 to $100.

French and German Violins and Violincellos: Bass Horns and China Bells; Serpents and Keyed Bugles; Concert Trumpets and Horns; Bags and Cases for Guitars, Violins, Flutes, and Accordions; Cymbals, Bassoons, Triangles, Horns, Trumpets; Tuning Forks, Tuning Hammers, Hunting Horns; Steel Wire, Violin Bows, Violin Bridges; Strings for Violins, Guitars, and Violincellos; Reeds for Clarionets, Oboes and Bassoons; Finger Boards, Tail pieces, and Pegs for Violins, &c.

In addition to the above, the subscriber is constantly receiving from his manufactory—

SUPERIOR PIANO-FORTES.

Manufactured expressly for his establishment, of various patterns, of Rosewood and Mahogany, with the Grand Action, Harp stop, Metallic Plates, &c., embracing the latest fashion of furniture with tablet and hollow-cornered fronts, veneered legs and Grecian scrools. All of which are warranted to be made of such materials and so well seasoned as to stand the test of every climate, and can be returned if any defect is found in the instruments—Price from $150 to $650. Piano stools of various patterns to correspond with Pianos, of Rosewood, Mahogany, &c. Piano covers of every variety of colors and qualities.

Piano-forte Tuning-Forks, Hammers, &c. &c. Instruments of every description tuned, repaired, or packed at short notice. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and examine the above.

FLUTES, CLARIONETTS, OBOES, FLAGEOLETTS, single and double, OCTAVE FLUTES, PICALOES FIFES, &c. ☞ The Subscriber manufactures the celebrated *Coco-wood Flutes* with the Ivory Joint—Silver Mountings, Keys, &c. &c. as used exclusively by all the principal Professors of the Instrument throughout the Country.

Also, Constantly published by the Subscriber all the NEW AND FASHIONABLE MUSIC which in addition to his large and increasing *Catalogue of Standard Music—Instruction Books, Gamut Scales, &c. &c.* constitutes the most valuable assortment of Music in the Country.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces—also books of the same bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science an composition of music, by Barrows, Catel, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession, supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and dispatch, by addressing

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon, sign of the *Golden Lyre*,
feb 20 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surprising feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs.—6. Pat with his Shilalah, just arrived. 7. Ben, the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son, who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and a strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb 27.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF HANNINGTON'S MOVING DIORAMAS will continue every evening, commencing at half past 7 o'clock—in the following order:—

Grand Dioramic Scene 1—Being an Allegorical Representation of the Treaty of Ghent, 1815 and Triumph of America!

The exhibition opens with a view of a highly scenic country, picturesque in the extreme. Immediately in front of the audience, in the foreground, is an Obelisk, erected to the glory of American heroes of the last war. The most elevated figure on this column is fame, represented with a trumpet, proclaiming the memorable deeds, where, and by whom achieved, which History is in the act, at the same time, of recording.

The moving figures of the Diorama commence in front, by the passing of a number boats, in which much skill and time is observed by the oarsmen, after which, is to be seen America, drawn in a splendid car, by four white horses, bearing the flag of the United States, followed by Victory, ready to crown her with laurels, proceeding to the Temple of Peace, through a triumphal arch, with a numerous retinue. A young female precedes the car of America, strewing the path with flowers, while another, with a child in her arms, has kindled the incense, and a third is singing triumphant hymns.

In the train, following America, in a grand procession, are seen bands of Musicians, Victors, Prisoners of War, and numerous troops of Cavalry and Infantry, many of them carrying trophies. The whole spectacle is represented in the style and costume of the ancient Romans, and the admiring spectator will observe with delight the motion of men and horses, as natural as life, keeping time with the powerful martial music.

Grand Dioramic Scene 2.—Moonlight—Sea View—Storm and Shipwreck.

Grand Dioramic Scene 3.—Conflagration of Moscow.—This Diorama is divided into a Day and Night Scene.

Also, still exhibiting the celebrated Statuary of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, and the Landlord and Landlady.

The Grand Cosmorama is the most splendid exhibition of the kind known.

Proffessor at the Piano, Mr. S. Bassford.

☞ Admittance to the whole, 25 cents—Children under 12 years, when accompanied by their parents or guardians, 12 1-2 cents. feb. 27.

THE CELEBRATED HORSE HENRY,

COMPETITOR OF ECLIPSE, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of the subscriber, Union Race Course, Long Island. *Terms*, $75 the season.
jan 23 JOHN DREW.

THE GREAT PACIFIC.

THE services of this fine animal are again offered at his old stand to the breeders of blood stock, and to the patronage of every liberal gentleman, of whatever denomination he may be, as one among the greatest, purest bred, and best stock horses, either for the turf or other purposes, of the present day; a noble specimen of the thorough bred American race horse.

His prices will continue as heretofore, (to wit:) $50 by the season for each mare; $100 to insure, and $1 cash to the groom for each mare. Mares sent to stay with the horse will be fed agreeably to order and carefully attended. My custom is, when fed with grain, to charge $1 per week, which money will be expected when the mare is taken away. Every necessary care will be taken to prevent casualties of every kind, but no liability should any happen.—The season of this horse has commenced and will continue open until the 25th day of December next, in order to give every breeder a fair opportunity of suiting his own convenience.

Pacific, on his part, promises, if Gentlemen will supply him with good materials, to continue to furnish them with first rate race horses; and here permit him to address a few words to the owners of imported mares, that he feels confident in his competency, if they will send them to him, to return them in foal with a Flying Childers, a Partner, [Crofts,] a King Herod, an Eclipse and Highflyer, at any rate he will exert himself to do so, and his reasons are cogent for this belief, because their blood flows more profusely in his veins and his connexion is nearer to them, than in any foreign stock of the present day; hence the great probability is, by making this cross it might bring us to their day which as turf horses, never have yet been equalled, and what has been may again happen in such matters, and he can devise no plan more likely to affect this desirable object than the one he has now suggested.

Feb. 1836. DUKE W. SUMNER.

PEDIGREE.—I do certify that I bred and raised the above named horse Pacific, he was foaled in the spring of 1822, was got by the celebrated horse Sir Archie, and is full brother to Bertrand [also raised by me] his dam Eliza, is full sister to the noted running horse old Gallatin, by the imported Bedford, and came out of the imported mare Mambrina, which mare was got by Mambrino in England. Bedford was got by Dungannon, the best son of Eclipse. Dungannon's dam was Aspasia, by King Herod, his grandam Doris by Blank, g. grandam Helen, by Spectator, g. g. grandam Daphne by the Godolphin Arabian—(See Stud Book 1 vol. p. 5.) Bedford's dam was Fairy, by Highflyer, out of Fairy Queen by Young Cade, he by old Cade, and he by the Godolphin Arabian—Stud Book 1 vol. p. 274. Mambrino was got by Engineer, Sampson, Blaze, Flying Childers by Darley's Arabian—(Stud Book 1 v. pp. 32, 422, 430, 49, 419 and 444.) Mambrina's dam was by Blank, and Mambrino's dam by Cade, both sons of the Godolphin Arabian. Engineer's dam was by young Greyhound, Curwen Bay Barb, Sampson's dam was by Hip; Spark, son of Honeycomb Punch, Snake, Ld. d'Arcy's Queen. The dam of Blaze was the Confederate filly by Grey Grantham, D. of Rutland's Black Barb, Bright's Roan. The dam of Flying Childers was Betty Leeds, by Careless, sister to Leeds, by Leeds Arabian, Spanker, Barb Mare, which was Spanker's dam.

Fulton, S. Carolina, Aug. 20, 1828. JOHN R. SPANN.

I wish any gentleman to trace all the crosses out, when they will be found equally good; if any other two horses can show an authentic pedigree, as rich in all its parts as this, at the present day, I should like to see it; yet I do not pretend to insinuate, but what other horses, very many of which are thorough bred—but there was a day in England, when they got their race horses nearer perfection, than at any former or subsequent period—and to the race horses of that day, such as above named, I claim for Bertrand and Pacific, without fear of contradiction, a nearer connection than in any other living animals of the present day; American Eclipse, Crusader and their full brothers excepted, which perhaps may be as near. Now I should like to see any plausible reason assigned, why these horses would not be more likely to improve the stock from English mares than crossing in and in with their own horses, for nearly all the importations for the last fifty years, have been the immediate descendants from Eclipse on the sire and dam; hence the great advantage deriv.d from imported Citizen over the Eclipse stock; and although Pacific has one cross of Eclipse through Bedford, his other crosses are entirely different and equally good. DUKE W. SUMNER.

Spring Grove, near Nashville, Tennessee. mar. 19

BAREFOOT,

ONE OF THE FEW HORSES IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensuing season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares . . . . . $50 the season; and $1 for the groom
All other Mares . . . . . $25 the season.

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

This fine horse was foaled the property of Mr. Watt, in England, in the year 1820, and afterwards was sold to Lord Darlington, who disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.; who sent him out for the benefit of his native country at large. On the English Turf, BAREFOOT proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to '26 inclusive.

Doncaster Meeting, September, 1823.—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three-year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114 lb.) Fillies, 8st. (112 lb.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddell's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed.—Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine by Rubens, Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Furguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Prospelyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte D'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3 minutes, and 22 seconds. *The Start*,—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came along side of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3 minutes 23 1-4 seconds. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3 min. 23 secs., yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of 1-4 of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start; Barefoot although shut out, that is hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance! he proved himself by repetition, decidedly the best Horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles,) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3min. 23 secs, and repeating in 3m, 23 1-4 secs.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and *Barefoot*, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

HIS PEDIGREE is as follows, and equal to that of any other horse:—he was got by *Tramp* out of *Rosamond*, by *Buzzard*; her dam, *Rosebury*, sister to *Huby*, by *Phenomenon*; her dam, *Miss West*; by *Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto*. *Tramp* was got by *Dick Andrews*, out of a *Gohanna Mare*; her dam, *Fluxinella*, by *Trentham—Woodpecker*; *Everlasting*, by *Eclipse*. *Dick Andrews* was got by *Joe Andrews*, out of a *Highflyer Mare*; her dam, by *Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian*. *Joe Andrews* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Amaranda*, by *Omnium*; her dam, *Cloudy*, by *Blank—Crab—Partner*, &c.

PERFORMANCES.—At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September 1822, (then only two years old,) he won a sweepstake of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Bourdeaux and 4 others very easy. BAREFOOT, at the Spring Meeting at York, May 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3min 15sec. or 1min. 51sec. per mile.

1823—At the August Meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb. 1 mile and a quarter. Time 2 min. 22 sec. or 1min. 52sec. per mile, beating Richardson's B. C. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Pontefract, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subscribers, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Palatine. Won very easy. At Doncaster, September Meeting, he won the great St. Leger Stakes, for three year old colts, 33 subscribers, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) distance. Time 3min. 23 1-4sec. beating Sherwood—Comte D'Artrois—Comus—Etiquette—Claude Lorraine—Tancred—Ringlet—North Star—Mercandotti—Ganymede—Caledodian—and 11 others. Compte D'Artois took the lead at starting, and made severe running, till near the distance post, when Barefoot came up, passed him, and won by two lengths. After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland,) for 3000gs. was carried by him to New-Market, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated Horse Emelius, (the recent winner of all the great stakes and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others,) for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, 50l., distance 1 mile 1 quarter and 24 yards, 8st. 10lb (122lb.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partizan Colt. Von easy,—Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the Turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100sovs. against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well-contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lb. (147lb.)—Time, 8min. 18sec., and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third, and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subscribers, St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lb. (119lb.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) The time of running 3m. 30sec. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lb., (120lb.) time not given; beating Lottery, [above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight,] Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lb. (109lb.): an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lb.: an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lb. (124 lb.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 4 years old, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northallerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with a sweepstake added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lb. (121 lb.) against The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lb. (94lb.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th, Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lb.) beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lb. (116lb.) and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lb. (100lb.): a good race, 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lb. and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs, 109lb. The above comprise all the races of Barefoo

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chesnut, 15 1 2 hands high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are respectfully invited to call and examine this horse. JOHN R. SNEDEKER,
feb 20 Union Hotel, Long Island.

VETERINARY SURGERY.

THE SUBSCRIBER, JAMES DRYSDALE, corner of Liberty and Washington street, New-York, tenders his sincere thanks to the citizens of New-York and vicinity, for their liberal patronage since his arrival in this country, and assures them that nothing will be wanting on his part to deserve it more and more. The diffidence of our citizens in employing the regular practitioner is easily accounted for, when we consider the impositions daily practised upon them by empirics and mountebanks, who first gull them and then laugh at their credulity. But I hope the time will soon arrive when a line of demarkation will be drawn bewixt the ignorant pretender and the scientific Veterinary Surgeon; when the former will be treated with the contempt he deserves, and the latter receive the patronage and respect, according to his abilities and upright dealings with his patrons. JAMES DRYSDALE,
Veterinary Surgeon, Graduate of the Edinburgh Veterinary School.

N.B. Horses shod as above on the most approved scientific principles. feb 20

AN Apprentice wanted. Apply at the corner of Broadway and Courtland-street. A well educated boy will here find an excellent situation.

AMERICAN RACES TO COME—1836.

AUGUSTA, Ga.	Lafayette Course, 2d Tuesday in April, the 12th. First day, match, 4 mile heats, $17,000 to $15,000, between Argyle and the choice of John Bascomb, Bill Austin, Lady Nashville, or Bolivia.
BELFIELD, Va.	Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday in April, the 12th.
BROAD ROCK, Va.	Jockey Club, Tree Hill Course, 3d Tuesday, 19th April.
BALTIMORE, Md.	Central Course, Jockey Club, 3d Tuesday, 17th May.
CENTREVILLE, L. I.	Near N. Y. city, grand Trotting Sweepstakes, Friday, 6th May.
DAVISON'S COURSE,	Near Trenton, N. J., Wednesday, 13th April.
DIAMOND GROVE, Ill.	Jockey Club, Thursday, May 26th.
GRENSBURG, Ky.	Match, $5000 a side, 4 m. heats. Angora vs. Rodolph, W'y. 21st Sept.
JEFFERSON Co. Va.	Jockey Club, Wednesday, —th May.
KENDALL COURSE, Md.	Near Baltimore, 4th Tuesday, 24th May.
LAWRENCEVILLE, Va.	Jockey Club, Third Tuesday in April, 19th.
LEWISVILLE, Ohio.	Cashocton County, Thursday, 5th May.
MEMPHIS, Tenn.	Jockey Club, First Wednesday, 6th April.
MOBILE, Ala.	Jockey Club, Wednesday, 13th April.
MADISONVILLE, Miss.	Monday, 23d May.
NEW IBERIA, La.	Jockey Club, Thursday, 21st April.
NEWMARKET, Va.	First Spring Meeting, First Tuesday, May 3.
NEW-YORK CITY.	Jockey Club, Union Course; 1st Spring Meeting, Tues. May, 3d.
" "	Monday April 25th, Great Sweepstakes, $15,000.
RAHWAY, N. J.	Fourth Tuesday, 26th April.
TRENTON, N. J.	Eagle Course, First Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th April.
" "	Second Meeting, 1st Tuesday, June 7th.
WASHINGTON, D. C.	Second Tuesday, 10th May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country, may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC, SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

THE NEW MILITIA LAW.

The annexed order promulgates the law recently adopted by the Legislature of this state in relation to the Artillery brigades of the city of New York. It imposes important duties and privileges; and will, upon the whole, be well received by the community at large, who are much interested in an efficient and well-appointed military corps. This important arm of the civil authorities in time of peace with foreign nations, and of the country at large in time of war, should be cherished and encouraged by every citizen desiring the security and tranquility of his home and fireside.

THIRD REGIMENT.

SIXTH REGIMENT, NEW-YORK STATE ARTILLERY.

WASHINGTON GREYS.—*Regimental Order, No.*

NEW-YORK, March 28, 1836.

The following Act, relative to the First and Sixth Brigades of Artillery in the City of New York, having passed the Legislature, and been signed by the commander-in-chief, is promulgated for the information and government of the Officers, Privates, and Musicians of this Regiment.

AN ACT relative to the 1st and 6th Brigades of Artillery in the City of New-York. *The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:*

SECTION 1. Such portion of the first and sixth brigades of artillery as reside in the city and county of New-York, in addition to the duty now required by law, shall be subject to the order of the mayor of said city, whenever their services shall be required in aid of the civil authorities, to quell riots, suppress insurrection, to protect the property or preserve the tranquility of the city.

Sec. 2. Every officer, non-commissioned officer, musician and private liable to such service, shall be respectively subject to the same penalties and fines for any delinquency or deficiency therein, as are now imposed by the fifty-second section of title ten, of chapter ten of part first of the Revised Statutes, for neglect to appear and do duty at any parade for exercise, or for neglect or refusal to obey any lawful order of a superior officer.

Sec. 3. Every officer, non-commissioned officer, musician and private of the first and sixth brigades of artillery in the city and county of New-York, shall be exempt from serving upon any grand or petit jury within this state, if he shall actually and faithfully have served at all the parades, drills and reviews required by law in such brigades, during the year up to the time of claiming such exemption, armed and equipped as the law directs; or shall have been excused for not so serving at such parades, drills or reviews, by the court-martial of said brigade, or the officer to whom an appeal is allowed from the decision of such court. And every officer, non-commissioned officer, musician and private, belonging to the said first and sixth brigades of artillery, and residing within the city of New-York, who shall actually and faithfully serve at all such parades, drills and reviews, or shall be excused in the manner aforesaid, for any delinquency or deficiency therein, for the full term of seven years from the passage of this act, shall be thereafter entitled to the same exemption from jury service as is now allowed by law to persons serving seven years in the first regiment and first brigade of horse artillery.

Sec. 4. The court before whom such exemption shall be claimed, shall not receive any certificate as conclusive evidence, but may examine into the fact of such service.

Sec. 5. And the said first and sixth brigades of artillery, shall not consist at any time of more than four regiments each, of eight companies to a regiment, and not more than sixty men to a company, (all of whom must be effective) exclusive of commissioned and non-commissioned officers: but said brigades may each include a squadron of horse artillery, of not more than two companies to a squadron of fifty men each, exclusive of officers and non-commissioned officers.

Sec. 6. No non-commissioned officer, musician or private, belonging to the first and sixth brigades of artillery, and residing within the city New-York, shall enlist in any uniformed company in said city, with the written consent of the commandant of his company, approved by the commandant of his regiment or squadron.

The regular Monthly Meeting of the Officers is postponed until Tuesday evening, the 12th of April, when it will take place at Niblo's, at 8 o'clock.

By order of Col. GEORGE P. MORRIS.

J. T. B. MAXWELL, *Adjutant.*

NEW-YORK RACES.

THE GREAT SWEEPSTAKES, mile heats, for three year old colts, entrance $5000 each, half forfeit, will take place over the UNION COURSE, on Monday the 25th day of April, 1836.—SUBSCRIBERS:—

1. Wm. R. Johnson names the full brother to Charles Kemble, by Archy, out of Pilot's dam.
2. John C. Stevens names ch. c. "Dosoris," by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.
3. Ro. Tillotson names ch. c. by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.

SAME DAY.—A match, mile heats, will be run over the above Course, (Monday April 25th, the same day of the great sweepstakes), between Captain Stockton's and Mr. Ro. L. Steven's three years old.

1. Mr. Stevens names his imported English filly, Caprice, by Muley.
2. Captain Stockton names his gr. c. by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace.

On TUESDAY, May 3d, will commence the First Spring Meeting of 1836.

FIRST DAY, Tuesday—A match, four mile heats, for $5000 a side, half forfeit, made by Mr. John Heth, of Virginia, and Mr. Ro. Tillotson, of New-York.

1. John Heth names br. f. "Margaret Armistead," (formerly called Rebecca Coleman), by imported Apparition, 4 years old.
2. Ro. Tillotson names ch. c. "Admiral," by imp. Barefoot, out of Highland Mary, 4 yrs. old.

SAME DAY.—A Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats, entrance $1000, forfeit $250, six subscribers. SUBSCRIBERS:—

1. Ro. Tillotson, names ch. c. by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.
2. R. F. Stockton names his imported colt, by Chateau Margaux.
3. Ro. L. Stevens names ch. c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.
4. Also, names English filly, by Muley, out of Caprice.
5. John C. Stevens names ch. f. by Henry, out of Janette.
6. W. Livingston names ch. c. by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.

SECOND DAY, Wednesday—A Sweepstakes, mile heats, for three year old colts and fillies entrance $300, half forfeit; ten subscribers. SUBSCRIBERS:—

1. J. H. Wilkes names b. c. by Henry, dam by Ariel.
2. James Bathgate names c. by Barefoot, dam Maid of the Mill.
3. R. F. Stockton names produce of Charlotte Pace, by Medley.
4. Charles Green names Manhattan, by Henry, dam Filho mare.
5. William Wynn, names ch. f. by Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Romp, by Henry.
7. T. Pearsall names full brother to Alice Grey
8. S. Ringgold, names ch. c. by Medley, dam Cresida, by Charles.
9. John C. Craig, names produce by Arietta, dam by Medley.
10. Jacob Van Dyke names gr. f. by Medley, dam Rosalinda.

SAME DAY—Purse of $300, two mile heats.

THIRD DAY, Thursday—A sweepstakes, mile heats, for three year old colts and fillies, entrance $300, forfeit $100; nine subscribers. SUBSCRIBERS:—

1. Ro. Tillotson, names filly out of Polly Jones.
2. I. S. Snedecor, names gr. f. by Henry, out of Thorne's Eclipse m.
3. G. T. Wilson, names f. by Henry, out of Di Vernon.
4. Wm. Jones, names f. by Barefoot, out of Eleanor
5. Jno. C. Stevens, names s. c. by Henry, out of Purity.
6. Alex. L. Botts, ch. f. by Sir Charles, out of Purity.
7. B. Seaman, names c. by Barefoot, out of Agnes.
8. Ro. L. Stevens, names "Envoy," by Memnon, out of Zarina.
9. Ro. L. Stevens, names c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.

SAME DAY—Purse $500; three mile heats.

FOURTH DAY, Friday—Jockey Club Purse, $1000; four mile heats.

The Match between the North and South, four mile heats, for $5000 Dollars a side, half forfeit, to take place the Second Spring Meeting, has been confirmed. The North to name at the starting post any horse owned and belonging north of Maryland—the South in like manner any south of the Potomac.

ALEX. L. BOTTS,
March 26, 1836. DAVID H. BRANCH.

DAVISON'S COURSE, NEAR TRENTON, N. J.

RACES TO COMMENCE WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13TH:—

FIRST DAY.—A Sweepstake for three year olds, mile heats. $50 entrance, half forfeit; and $50 added by the proprietor. Three or more to make a race, and to close on the 9th April.

SECOND DAY.—A Sweepstake as above. $25 entrance, and half forfeit. $50 added.

There will also be two purses given on the same days as above. The amount, &c., will be given hereafter. Entries for the above to be addressed to me.

mar. 19. JAMES DAVISON, Secretary.

TO THE LOVERS OF THE TURF.

WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, on Wednesday, 23rd of March, at the New York Bazaar, if not sold previous, the full-bred and celebrated race horse SIDNEY, a beautiful bay and fine figure, seven years old this spring, near 15 1-2 hands high, sire by Sir Charles, dam by Thornton's Ratler. Pedigree and performance in full at sale. For particulars inquire of Thompson and Carvin, or R. Dunn, the rider and trainer of said horse, who now leaves him to return to England.

R. DUNN,
mar. 19. Union Course, Jamaica, L. I.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES, SPRING MEETING, 1836.

OVER THE OLD FASHIONABLE COURSE, within two miles of the city of Washington, D. C., (now greatly improved by the erection of spacious and commodious buildings for the Club spectators, and horses' extensive enclosures; the widening and smoothing of all obstructions in the track, wherefore it is now better adapted to speed than on any former occasion, equal in that and every other respect to any course.) will commence on the second Tuesday in May next, with the great sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats; sub. $1000; forfeit $250, ten subscribers and closed.

1. Colonel J. M. Selden names c. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, the joint property of James Gettings and himself.
2. Major A. J. Donelson names br. f. by Bolivar, out of the dam of Busiris.
3. Captain R. F. Stockson names br. f by Bolivar, out of the dam of Busiris.
4. Dr. A. H. Tyson names gray colt Frederick, by Byron, dam Ally Croker.
5. Colonel John Heth names full sister to Trifle.
6. Colonel Wm. Wynn names ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
7. William H. Minge names Charles colt out of a Lucifer Mare.
8. Colonel R. B. Corbin names br. c. by Sir Charles, out of Kate Kearney.
10. Wm. Williamson and John M. Botts name full sister to Juliana.

The entrance to the above stake will probably embrace as many fine colts of our most fashionable blood as will ever be brought together on any occasion—the own sister to Trifle and Juliana, Colonel Corbin's Charles colt, Capt. Stock[illegible] imported colt, &c.,—all reserved to make their first appearance on the turf at Washi[illegible]ere is a chance to bet your thousands—every colt in training—all promising; ear[illegible]s its backers, calculating to pocket the $10,000.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for thr[illegible]e year old [illegible] and fillies; mile heats; sub. $200, $50 forfeit, six subscribers and close.

1. Charles Oliver names br. c. Lord Bottetourt, by Star, dam by Shylock.
2. George P. Taylor names br. f. by Star, dam by Sir William.
3. Crawford and Brooks names ——, by Sussex, dam by Ratler.
4. Colonel James M. Selden names c. by Sussex, out of Brunette, sister to Gohanna.
5. Colonel Francis Thompson names Isaac of York, by Sir Charles, out of Nixon, dam by Enclos.
6. Captain R. F. Stockton names c. Bergen.

SECOND DAY.—The Washington subscription plate, value $500, two mile heats, subscription depending on the number of subscribers, the winner to take the plate or money, at his option.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies; mile heats; subscription $300, forfeit $50; seven subscribers, and closed.

1. Thomas J. Goodman's colt.
2. Robert Gilmor, Jr. names ch. c. Howard, by Sir Charles out of Sally Walker.
3. William D. Bowie names Charles Magic.
4. Samuel Spriggs names b. f. by Sussex, out of Nancy Norwood.
5. C. S. W. Dorsey names b. f. by Sussex, out of Jesse, by Telegraph.
6. Colonel James M. Selden names f. by Sussex, out of full sister to Maryland Eclipse.
7. Colonel F. Thompson names ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Clubfoot.

THIRD DAY.—Proprietor's purse $500; three mile heats; entrance $30.

SAME DAY.—Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats; subscription $100, half forfeit; to name and close the 15th April.

FOURTH DAY.—National Jockey Club Purse $1000 in gold; four mile heats; entrance $30.

SAME DAY.—A Match Race.

From the number and character of the subscribers to the sweepstakes to come off here this spring, and the assurance to the proprietor that they will be here in person, promise a collection of from seventy to one hundred race horses, embracing every eminent turfite, and every nag of any distinction from Virginia to New-York.

Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor and Treasurer.

N.B. The proprietor may always be found at Brown's Hotel, when not on the couse. apr 2

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI, JOCKEY CLUB.

THE SPRING MEETING OF THIS CLUB will take place the first Tuesday in May next.

FIRST DAY—Sweepstakes, Fifty Dollars entrance, free for all, 3 years old, 1 mile heats. Entrance to be made with the Proprietor the evening before the race.

SECOND DAY.—The Proprietors Purse, Two Hundred Dollars, CASH UP, 2 mile heats, free for all ages, entrance Twenty-Five Dollars, two or more to make a race.

THIRD DAY—Jockey Club Purse, Four Hundred Dollars, CASH UP, 3 mile heats, Twenty-Five Dollars entrance, free for all ages.

FOURTH DAY—Handi Cap Race for the balance of the Jockey Club money, best 3 in 5, free for all, entrance Fifteen Dollars.

Rules of the Course to govern.

The Proprietor would inform the public, that the tract will be in first rate order, and that he will have every accommodation for those that will attend the meeting.

apr 2 ELI ABBOTT, Proprietor.

TRENTON RACES—EAGLE COURSE.

THE FIRST SPRING MEETING will commence on 19th of April, 1836. Amount of Purses and Sweepstakes, Four Thousand Dollars. Sweepstakes for three-year-old Colts and Fillies, mile heats, $200 subscription, $50 forfeit, and $300 added by the Club; closed January 1, with 12 subscribers.

1. J. Holmes Van Mater names *Black Colt*, by Valentine, out of Honesty.
2. Samuel Laird " *Molly*, c. f. by Henry, out of Modesty.
3. B. B. Seaman " *Dusty-foot*, c. by Barefoot, dam by Sir Solomon.
4. Philip Wallis " *Molinera*, f. by Medley, out of Algerina.
5. H. Wilkes " *Chestnut Colt*, by Henry, out of Saluda.
7. J. C. Stevens " *Fanti*, c. f. by Henry, out of Jeannettee.
8. Daniel Abbott " *Jane*, f. by Mark Richards, dam by Expedition.
9. David Touts " *Julia Montgomery*, by Eclipse, dam by Ratler.
1. J. Holmes Van Mater " *Chestnut Colt*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar.
10. H. A. Coenhoven " *Brown Colt*, by Henry, out of Meg Dodds.
11. H. A. Coenhoven " *Bay Colt*, by Memnon, out of Zarina.
12. Jacob Vandyke " *Grey Filley*, by Medley, out of Rosalinda.

And a Purse of Two Hundred Dollars, mile heats, free only for 4 year old colts and fillies.

SECOND DAY.—Sweepstakes, *two miles out*, $50 subscription, p. p. 150 dollars, added; free only for three-year-old Colts and Fillies; and a Purse of 300 dollars, 2 mile heats, free for all ages.

THIRD DAY.—Purse 500 dollars, 3 mile heats, for all ages; and Citizen's Purse, (not less than 200 dollars); best in five, for all ages.

☞ Horses will date their ages from 1st January. The weights carried will be:—For aged horses 126 lbs; 6 years old, 121 lbs; 5 years old, 114 lbs.; 4 years old, 104 lbs; 3 years old, 90 lbs, with an allowance of 3 lbs for fillies and geldings.

☞ Distances the same as upon the "Union Course," Long Island.

April 2d, 1836. O. BAILEY.

Sweepstakes to be run over the Washington Course, D. C.

1. A SWEEPSTAKES to be run spring meeting, 1836, for three year old colts and fillies, mile heats, subscription $1000—forfeit $250. Ten subscribers, viz.:

1. Col. Jas. M. Selden enters c. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, the joint property of Jas. C. Gittings and himself.
2. Maj. A. J. Donelson enters b. f. by Bolivar, out of the dam of Busiris.
3. Capt. R. F. Stockton enters imported c. Longford, out of Peri by Starch.
4. Doct. A. H. Tyson enters gr. c. Frederick, by Byron, dam Alikroker.
5. Col. John Heth enters the full sister to Trifle.
6. Col. Wm. Wynn enters ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
7. Wm. H. Minge. (Mr. Minge's entry has been mislaid.)
8. Robt. B. Corbin enters br. c. by Sir Charles, out of Nullifier's dam.
9. Wm. R. Johnson enters gr. c. by Medley, dam Kate Kearney.
10. Wm. Williamson and John M. Botts enter full sister to Juliana.

2. A sweepstake to be run spring meeting 1836, for colts and fillies three years old, mile heats, subscription $300, forfeit $50. Six subscribers, viz.:

1. Charles Oliver enters b. c. Lord Bottetourt, by Star, dam by Shylock.
2. Geo. P. Taylor enters br. f. by Star, dam by Sir William.
3. Crawford & Brooks enter ——, by Sussex, dam by Ratler.
4. Col. Jas. M. Selden enters c. by Sussex, out of Brunette (sister to Gohanna).
5. Col. F. Thompson enters c. Isaac of York, by Sir Charles, out of Ninon D'Enclos.
6. Capt. R. F. Stockton enters c. Bergen.

3. A Sweepstakes to be run spring meeting, 1836, for three year olp colts and fillies, mile heats, bred in Maryland or the District of Columbia, and within fifty miles of the district.—Subscription $300, forfeit $50. Seven subscribers, viz.:

1. Thos. J. Godman's entry is dead.
2. Robert Gilmor, Jr. enters ch. c. Howard, by Sir Charles, dam Sally Walker.
3. Wm. D. Bowie enters Charles Magic.
4. Saml. Sprigg enters b. f. by Sussex, out of Nancy Norwood.
5. C. S. W. Dorsey enters b. c. by Sussex, out of Jesse, by Telegraph.
6. Col. Jas. M. Selden enters f. by Sussex, out of full sister to Maryland Eclipse.
7. Col. F. Thompson enters ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Club Foot.

4. A produce stakes to be run spring meeting, 1838, for three year olds, mile heats. Subscription $300, forfeit $100. Eleven subscribers, viz.:

1. Wm. H. Tayloe enters the produce of Aurora, by imp. Autocrat.
2. Benjamin Ogle Tayloe enters the produce of Black Sal, by imp. Autocrat.
3. Charles Oliver enters the produce of Flora, by O'Kelly.
4. Edward J. Hamilton enters the produce of Ninon D'Enclos, by Busiris.
5. G. W. Duvall enters the produce of Thistle, by Sussex.
6. John H. Sothoron enters the produce of Maid of Patuxent, by Tychicus.
7. W. J. Stratton enters the produce of Lady Badger, by Monsieur Tonson.
8. W. J. Stratton enters the produce of imp. Isabella, by imp. Barefoot.
9. Jno. M. Botts enters the full sister to Tobacconist.
10. Gen. A. Hunter enters the produce of the dam of The Captain.
11. A. H. Tyson enters b. f. the produce of ch. m. by American Eclipse and Luzborough.

5. A produce stakes for three year olds, to be run spring meeting, 1839, mile heats. Subscription $1000, forfeit $200. Twenty subscribers, viz.:

1. Wm. H. Tayloe enters the produce of Miss Chance, by Chateau Margaux.
2. Col. W. L. White enters the produce of the dam of Moscow and Sir Philip, by Goliah.
3. Edward J. Hamilton enters the produce of Ninon D'Enclos, by imp. Tranby.
4. Capt. Y. N. Oliver enters the produce of Flirtilla, Jr. by American Eclipse.
5. Thomas Watson enters the produce of Tuberose, by Monsieur Tonson.
6. Wm. D. Bowie enters the produce of Agility, by Chateau Margaux.
7. Wm. H. Minge enters the produce of Eliza Riley.
8. Wm. H. Minge enters the produce of the dam of Mazeppa.
9. Messrs. Gilmor and Tyson enter the produce of Sally Walker, by imp. Tranby.
10. John M. Botts enters the produce of Mischief, by Tobacconist.
11. O. P. Hare enters the produce of Miss Waxy, by Monsieur Tonson.
12. Col. Wm. Wynn enters the produce of Flirtilla, by Chateau Margaux.
13. Col. Wm. Wynn enters the produce of Martha Ann, by imp. Tranby.
14. Chas. M'Clanahan enters the produce of the dam of Donna Maria, by Monsieur Tonson.
15. Col. John Heth enters the produce of Screamer, by imp. Tranby.
16. Col. John Heth enters the produce of Nancy Dawson, by Hotspur.
17. John C. Craig enters the produce of Reality, by Shark.
18. Robt. B. Corbin enters the produce of Betsey Haxall, by American Eclipse.
19. W. J. Stratton enters the produce of Madam Lavalette, by American Eclipse.
20. Philip Wallis enters the produce of Lubly Rosa and imp. Tranby. mar. 19.

SPLENDID MATCHES,

TO BE RUN OVER THE PHARSALIA COURSE, at Natchez, Mississippi:—

FRIDAY, April 15.—A match race, Two Hundred Dollars a-side, two miles out, between—
1. Mr. Conly's s. c. *Splendid*, by Waxy.
2. Major Herring's s. c. *Waxey*, by Waxey.

FRIDAY, April 29.—A Match race, one mile out, for One Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Funny Kemble*, by Bertrand.
2. Mr. J. Rochelcau's b. h. *La Quip*, by Arab.

SATURDAY, April 30.—A match race, 4 mile heats, for Five Thousand Dollars a side.
Mr. J. G. Perry's b. m. *Red Maria*, by Bertrand.
Col. O. Claiborne's b. f. *Susan Yandell*, by Sir Richard.

TUESDAY, December, 1836.—A match race, mile heats, for Five Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Mr. J. G. Perry's b. m. *Red Maria*, by Bertrand.
2. Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. m. *Chuckfahila*, by Bertrand.

FRIDAY, January 29, 1837.—A Match race, four mile heats, for Two Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Mr. Wm. J. Minor's g. g. *Hard-Heart*, by Mercury.
2. Col. O. Claiborne's s. m. *Antelope*, by Stockholder.

SATURDAY, January 30, 1837.—A Match race, 4 mile heats, for Five Thousand Dollars a side.
1. Mr. W. Bayle's s. c. *Prince Talleyrand*, by Eclipse.
2. Col. O. Claiborne's b. f. *Susan Yandell*, by Sir Richard.

The number of horses which I have in training has increased to SEVENTY. Among them are to be seen Betsey Malone, and Lauderdale, of *Alabama*; Susan Yandell, Cassandra, Longtail Blue, Margery Greer, Betsey Smith, and Jim Polk, of *Tennessee*; Splendid, and Humming Bird, of *Kentucky*; Piano, and Prince Talleyrand, of *Louisiana*; Antelope, Red Maria, Betsey Rochleau, Hard-heart, Chuckfahila, Fanny Kemble, Naked Truth, Yazoo, and La Quip, of *Mississippi*.

J. C. SELPH, *Proprietor.*

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FOLLOWING PURSES will be run for over the Mobile Course, commencing on Wednesday, the 20th of April next.

First day, 3 mile heats,	for $600
Second day, 2 mile heats,	for $400
Third day, best 3 in 5	for $350

The above purses free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the United States, complying with the rules and regulations of the Club. The purse of each day with the respective amounts to be in cash.

mar. 19. THOS. BATES, Secretary.

LEASE OF THE ALBANY THEATRE!

FOR SALE.—The subscribers, administrators of the estate of William Duffy, deceased late manager of the Albany Theatre, offer for sale on very reasonable terms, the unexpired term of the lease of the said Theatre, together with a very extensive and complete Wardrobe, and a variety of Scenery, being the accumulation of many years, with every other article necessary for the carrying on of Theatrical entrtainments of every description—the whole in a condition to be put into immediate use. Also, the individual wardrobe of the late Mr. Duffy, comprising one of the largest and richest collections of theatrical dresses in the country. Applications may be made to the subscribers, at Albany.

JOHN H. DUFFEY,
apr 2-6t JAMES DUFFEY, Administrators.

TO RIFLE DEALERS AND SPORTSMEN.

A. A. HARRINGTON, No. 95 Barclay-street, New-York, Manufacturer of Rifles of a superior quality, all of which he warrants good.

A. A. H. has for the last ten years devoted his whole attention to Rifle Making. The Experiments he has made, and the manner in which he now grooves his Guns, enables him to compete with, if not surpass, any other establishment of the kind. Southern and Western Dealers supplied at short notice, with an article they can warrant with confidence.

A. A. H. has at times a good assortment of Fowling Guns, and apparatus suitable for Sporting. Particular attention paid to Repairing and Cleaning old guns, &c. &c. mar 12

NEW SERIES FOR 1836

The New-York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal: but, as it is a well-grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range; and the concerns of *Literature* and *the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence*, *Belles in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a register of the Turf—The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of "Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made from the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses—and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns.

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New-York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department, and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do not hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washington and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under bandage." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us.

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life;—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times*, a COMPLETE SPORTING PAPER, and in its columns shall be found at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
IMPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES;
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c., &c.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books*, *Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of lively interest, the *Drama* will due and our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously fostered by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task, we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our column to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,	Frances Mary Pritchard,	Emma Wheatley,
William E. Burton,	John Sefton,	George Barrett,
Eliza Sharpe,	Louisa A. Phillips,	Junius Brutus Booth,
John R. Scott,	Henry James Hackett,	Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
Celeste Kepler,	Fanny A. Drake,	George H. Hill,
John Fisher,	Joseph M. Field,	Tyrone Power,
Eliza Riddle,	Henry Placide,	Charlotte Watson,
Joseph Wood, }	Mary Vos,	Augustus A. Adams,
Mary Wood, }	James W. Wallack,	Josephine Clifton,
Henry James Finn,	Elizabeth Chapman,	Charles Kean,
Mary Duff,	Charles Booth Parsons,	John Barnes,
John Mason,	William F. Gates,	J. W. S. Howa.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence of learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news, both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities; in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting*, as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals* and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES,

OR SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The NEW SERIES of the New-York *Spirit of the Times*, for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

For One Year's Subscription (in advance).	$5 00
For Six Months.	2 50

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements, will be—

First insertion, per square of 22 lines.	$2 00
Each subsequent insertion.	0 50

Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-street, where communications, post-paid, may be addressed to

WILLIAM T. PORTER,
Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors.

New-York, Feb. 20, 1836.

THE IMPORTED HORSE RICHARD,

WILL STAND THIS SPRING, at O. Bailey's stable, at the Eagle Hotel, Trenton, N. J., at $50 the season; $75 to insure.

O. BAILEY.
Trenton, March 20, 1836. mar 26